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GERMANY.

THE German Government has just issued a warning to the effect that the opinions lately offered by the German press on the Eastern Question were not in any way inspired, and did not represent the secret thoughts of the Government itself. It was not so much that these opinions or suggestions were ill conceived as that there was no opening for them at all. The official mind of Germany, it appears, is a perfect blank as to all that concerns Turkey. It is interested not in Turks or Slavs, but in the preservation of the great alliance of the Three Powers; and to think at all about Turkey, except in unison with Russia and Austria, seems quite unofficial and wrong. As it is difficult even for German editors to treat the only subject of present political interest day after day without saying a word about it, the press was kindly allowed for a short time to trespass beyond the limits of sheer vacuity; but it has had its little holiday, and must now settle down to sober work, and say nothing about everything with its accustomed expertness and docility. Some of the papers to which this warning was addressed used to be considered as not only semi-official, but as having a still more sacred character, and being as nearly official as possible. But now they too are treated as outsiders, and their utterances are proclaimed to be as worthless as those of the rest of the world. Under the system of journalism which used to prevail under the Second Empire, and which is now triumphant in Germany, no one can pretend to say for a moment what the Government means by allowing any opinion or set of opinions to be expressed. What is written may be meant to stimulate Germany or to terrify Europe, but it can always be disavowed at the last moment. When, last May, the German papers began to thunder against France, it was difficult to believe that the real JUPITER was not the great Prince BISMARCK himself. At any rate these shifts of the German press, its sudden animations and its sudden collapses, are quite in keeping with the character of Prince BISMARCK, as it is being gradually revealed to his contemporaries. Keenly conscious of the greatness of his ability, and of the eminence of the position he has won, violent by nature, a bitter hater, indifferent to the claims of friends or dependents, contemptuous of the rules by which ordinary people restrain mind and body, and haunted by the thought that assassination or disease may cut short an astonishing career, he leads, and loves to lead, a tempestuous life. He has always a thousand schemes on hand, a thousand irons in the fire. He longs to use for great purposes the enormous machinery at his disposal, and finds in the quiet routine of German politics insufficient room for its action. Like ALEXANDER, he does not feel quite himself unless he has a new world to conquer. On the other hand, he has a singular width of political grasp. He sees European politics as a whole, and forbears from ruining great combinations in order to gratify temporary and trivial freaks. He has also a curious readiness to accept compromises, and is perfectly willing to get what he can rather than get nothing. When he is beaten, he does not trouble himself. He merely sets himself to work at something else. He has only taken one of his thousand irons out of the fire and found it colder than he expected. Last May he thought the iron of a new French war was hot; but he found he was mistaken, and put it back again.

He has too much confidence in himself not to believe that the next time he tries an iron he may be more lucky. It is not surprising that a press which has to reflect the changing sentiments and projects of such a mind should be a somewhat hazy, speckled, and uncomfortable sort of mirror.

Since the close of the French war Germany has been going on in some respects well, and in some respects not so well. Its military power has been much increased and consolidated. Its strength, as compared with that of Austria or France, is far greater than in 1866 or 1870. It has done what its former rivals merely propose to do. Enormous sums and unrivalled military skill have been freely expended on the perfecting of fortresses. Metz, Strasburg, and Ulm bristle with new works on the most magnificent and extensive scale. The German artillery is now as much superior to the German artillery of 1870 as the German artillery of that date was superior to the artillery of France. The reserves of the army have been largely augmented and made more easily available, and the army is really popular with the people. The army and the people are felt to be one, and the men present at the Silesian manoeuvres have been treated as the guests, not the encumbrances, of those on whom they were quartered. Great progress, too, has been made in the extinction of separatist feeling. An election in Wurtemberg in the last few days has shown that, there at least, a candidate to be successful must be national. Even in Bavaria, which of all parts of Germany is least within the national fold, there is a growing feeling that it is of no use to think of resisting Germany and BISMARCK, and that the lot which has fallen to Bavaria must be accepted. In Alsace itself time and despair are working for Germany. The population is rapidly getting over the pang of separation from France. It is acquiescing in the necessity of being German, and to retain French sympathies is beginning to be regarded by the mass of the people as one of the luxurious fancies of the rich. Lastly, the Church question has not produced so much internal discord as might have been expected. It has, no doubt, excited much painful feeling. In some districts the power of the priests is unbroken; and many Germans who approve of the general tenor of the ecclesiastical laws think that they have been shaped and executed with needless and imprudent rigour. But, on the whole, the German notion of the State, and the passion for a united Germany, have a stronger control over the general mind than ecclesiastical sympathies. The Germans of the present day have not, indeed, many of the qualities which make ecclesiastical martyrs. They think it as unnatural to resist the State as a Red Indian would think it to wear evening clothes. They have been tutored into acquiescence from their cradles, and what the law orders and the police enforce, that they accept.

On the other hand, there are points as to which it may be said that Germany has not been going on lately very happily. The complaint is general that the country of the milliards is poorer now than it was before it had its money from France. Everything costs more; rent and food are dearer; workmen want more wages and do less work. The sudden influx of money led to over-speculation, and over-speculation led to collapse; and the introduction of a specie currency has, either necessarily or through bad management, caused some financial difficulties. But there is perhaps too great a disposition among some Germans who feel pinched at present to think that it

was the war and the millions that made them poor. Of course a nation which loses two hundred thousand men in a short war, and permanently takes away hundreds of thousands of men from industrial occupations to make soldiers of them, diminishes its power of producing wealth. But what has happened in Germany has been going on all over Europe. Exactly the same complaints of the impossibility of making two ends meet are heard at Vienna, and the Austrians, of all people, have in recent days been safest from having their arrangements interfered with by the influx of the spoils of conquest. All that can be said is that, whether from causes special to Germany or from causes operating through Europe, many Germans with small fixed incomes—and there are very many Germans with very small fixed incomes—are having at present an unpleasant time. A much more serious matter is the deterioration of the national character which is generally recognized as observable. Very great allowance, indeed, ought to be made for a people which found itself raised to greatness so very quickly; and some of the imperfections of Germans which strike critics now are not so much new as brought newly into prominence by the national success, just as many of the faults of the French are now non-existent to the eyes of those who sympathize with France in her misfortunes. Still the testimonies of many accordant observers cannot be wholly at fault, and there is a general concurrence of opinion that since the war there has been not only a great increase of arrogance and of what is expressed in French by chauvinism, but a general lowering of the tone of feeling, a coarser way of regarding and treating women, more of brutality and cynicism in the search for material enjoyment. Certainly, if literature is to be taken as a test, the creative intellect of Germany may be said to be fast asleep. Fertile and exhaustive as ever in research, the German mind is now creating nothing of the slightest value, with the one exception, perhaps, of the operas of WAGNER. In one respect the deterioration of Germany is indisputable, and can be distinctly traced to the war and to the influence of Prussia. All freedom and life have been stamped out of the press, and the tyranny of espionage has been pushed to an extreme which is almost incredible to Englishmen. Everybody in Germany is occupied in watching everybody. Everything is thought worthy of being noted, booked, and transcribed. Servants furnish the police with journals of the lives of their employers, and the confidences of a dinner-table are passed on by those who win confidence by smiles and bows. Naturally most of the information thus collected is wholly useless. The entire population cannot be taken up and imprisoned by itself. But the tyranny of the system makes itself felt, and corruption goes necessarily with tyranny. The friends of Germany, those who know and admire the many great qualities of the nation, and have a due sense of the debt of Europe to the German intellect, may hope that the present state of things will pass away, and that Germans, when their political safety is secured, will listen to the voices of liberty and self-respect. But, as things are now, there are many things in Germany which the truest friends of Germany will be the most ready to deplore.

#### IRISH PATRIOTS AND THEIR QUARRELS.

THE incessant squabbles of disaffected factions in Ireland have their laughable side, but for the present Mr. BUTT and his antagonists on either hand may boast that the cause of Home Rule is sufficiently popular to make it worth the while of lay and clerical agitators to profess a common desire for independence. The Home Rule party is greatly perplexed by the intrigues of the clergy and their partisans, who plainly indicate through their Lord Mayors and other confidential agents that they are determined to retain the control of their own organization. Although clerical writers and speakers still repeat their conventional attacks on the Imperial Government and Legislature, the managers of the party have probably by this time learned to appreciate the advantage of the English connexion. Some members of the hierarchy have of late admitted the undoubted fact that their Church enjoys greater freedom under the English Crown than in any Continental country. The O'CONNELL Centenary and Club were devised as protests against political movements in which the interests and supremacy of the Church were relegated into a secondary

position. Mr. BUTT and his Limerick constituents indignantly denounced Mr. M'SWINEY's proposed exclusion of Protestants from all share in the control of Irish affairs; but they are perfectly aware that, although a few non-Catholic adventurers may employ their energies in promoting disruption, the Irish Protestants are almost unanimously attached to the Union. The devotees of Faith and Fatherland are thinking for the moment not of the Anglican gentry or of Presbyterian traders and farmers, but of demagogues who acknowledge no allegiance to the priesthood, and, notwithstanding his fulsome eulogies of the Catholic hierarchy, of Mr. BUTT himself. It is true that O'CONNELL received the zealous support of his Church when he demanded the repeal of the Union; but in those days the priesthood had no competitors for influence over the peasantry; and they had also a comfortable and well-founded conviction that the Liberator was not thoroughly in earnest. Mr. BUTT, who is too far committed to recede, is suspected as a rival, and disliked as a heretic; nor is it certain that his success would operate in favour of clerical interests.

In his speech at Limerick Mr. BUTT reproduced with habitual fluency all the commonplaces of his indictment against England. With just confidence in the ignorance or complicity of his audience, he asserted that the Irish Coercion Acts would have been maintained in their integrity but for the exertions of himself and his colleagues. It is true that Sir M. HICKS BEACH in introducing the Bill offered many important concessions, including the doubtful policy of abandoning control over seditious newspapers; but the Limerick rabble was as little hampered as the speaker by vulgar facts. In the discussions which followed the Government was perhaps unduly anxious to consult the real or pretended susceptibilities of Irish members; but the IRISH SECRETARY would have obtained a majority as often as he might have thought fit to divide the House, and the alterations which have been effected in the law are therefore due to the Government, and not to the Home Rule members. The provisions of the Act of last Session, though they are represented as grievances by agitators, are intended for the protection, not of England, but of Ireland. There is nothing more contemptible than the sham patriotism which claims license for the murderer at the expense of the peaceable population. If exceptional legislation is to be condemned, the fault lies with the criminals and hirelings who render it necessary, and, in a higher degree, with their advocates and patrons. If Westmeath is to be governed on the same principles as Kent, *que messieurs les assassins commencent*. Whatever may have been the votes and speeches of Irish members, those among them who, in spite of their professions, have any conscientious regard to the interests of their country undoubtedly approve of restrictions on the possession of arms, and of laws which enforce the ancient principle of local responsibility for crimes which imply general sympathy or connivance. The right to bear arms is of extremely little value to the honest majority, although Mr. BUTT pretends that the precautions enforced by law are an insult to the country at large. It would be tedious and unprofitable to examine the rest of Mr. BUTT's allegations. It may be admitted that the Imperial Parliament is not likely to adopt his proposals; nor is it improbable that an Irish Assembly returned by universal suffrage would, in conformity with his views, transfer the remaining estate of the landowner to the tenant. It is impossible that an intelligent and probably unprejudiced agitator can attribute any value to such arguments in favour of the repeal of the Union.

Mr. BUTT adroitly passed over with merely cursory notice the schism which has become more and more distinctly avowed since the first proposal of the O'CONNELL Centenary. As the clergy for the most part still think it expedient to tamper with Home Rule, Mr. BUTT is enabled to affect entire confidence in their goodwill and unanimity. He returns the compliment of their conventional declarations by supporting their pretensions to the control of education; and, on the whole, he either hopes that the rupture will proceed no further, or that it may by common consent be disguised for a time. He accordingly treated Faith and Fatherland as a mere eccentricity of an insignificant layman; and when he closed his speech he probably felt confident of the undivided approval of the meeting which he addressed. His colleague, Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, repeated the same statements and professions, and it seemed that the business of the day was harmoniously concluded, when a demagogue



of a coarser type disturbed the general unanimity by a proposal that the agitation for Home Rule should be abandoned for more definite measures, unless it should attain a successful issue in the next Session of Parliament. In the midst of the uproar which followed it seems that the majority, or perhaps the noisiest part of the assembly, preferred Mr. PETER DALY's candour to Mr. BUTT's cautious fictions. If Ireland is to be made an independent Republic, it is perhaps scarcely worth while to profess, until the process is completed, loyal attachment to the Crown. Even on the far-fetched hypothesis of Mr. BUTT's belief in his own theories and predictions, Mr. DALY's conclusion is more logical than his own. Similar dissensions occur at a corresponding stage in every revolutionary agitation. The multitude, after its passions have been excited by orators who themselves affect a certain moderation, prefers the outspoken Jacobin to the vacillating and inconsistent Girondin. Mr. BUTT cultivates or propagates the delusion that some responsible section of English politicians may possibly be induced to countenance a form of separation which might be represented as consistent with the maintenance of the Monarchy. Mr. PETER DALY, with greater sincerity or greater acuteness, repudiates all fancies of the kind.

The cause of Home Rule suffers under the same disadvantage which affects a similar political system in several Continental countries. Many plausible arguments are used in favour of Republics; but it is for the most part found that, as in Spain two or three years ago, the only real Republicans are anarchists and communists. The prudent Home Rule party would have a better chance of success if it had any considerable number of genuine adherents. Mr. BUTT defends with commendable gravity the scheme of a Parliament of Irish Lords and Commons under the Imperial Crown, and although not a single peer has consented to sit in his Upper House, he still assumes the possibility of a return to the form of government which preceded the Union. At the very time when the right arm of his party is crippled by the threatened secession of the Faith and Fatherland section, he finds the ground shaking under his feet through the untimely activity of the professed enemies of the English connexion. The Fenians or Nationalists are, like the Communists of Paris or the Federalists of Spain, the rank and file of the party which presents, through its chiefs, the comparatively decorous aspect of Home Rule; and they evidently possess the superiority which belongs to simplicity and consistency of purpose. Poor Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY could only defend himself by hinting that he too would become a Nationalist before long if only he were allowed in the meantime to retain the disguise of a Home Ruler. Mr. BUTT, who was not without reason seriously alarmed by the mutiny among his followers, was compelled to threaten his own immediate retirement from Parliament if the Fenian section of the meeting prevailed. Mr. DISRAELI lately complained that his management of the House of Commons was embarrassed by the existence of three separate parties among the Opposition. Loyal Englishmen and Irishmen will not be disposed to deprecate the division of Irish agitators into three mutually repellent factions.

#### THE BLACKBURN ELECTION.

THE election at Blackburn has ended in a large majority being obtained by the Conservative candidate, and Mr. DANIEL THWAITES has the honour of representing the borough. His opponent was Mr. HIBBERT, who acted as Secretary to the Local Government Board under the late Government, and gained in a quiet way a considerable official reputation. At the last election Mr. THWAITES was a candidate, and was only fifteen votes behind the Liberal who stood second on the poll. He has now obtained a majority of nearly a thousand, and it is natural to suppose that the Conservatives of Blackburn must in the last eighteen months have gained considerably in strength. The Liberals, in fact, owned that, if the Conservatives voted steadily and unanimously for their candidate, a Liberal would have no chance. The only excuse for a contest was that Mr. THWAITES was supposed to have forced himself upon his party, and that many Conservatives would wish to see him defeated. In the end, however, party organization and party sympathies were too strong for the operation of private feelings, and the Conservatives would not allow a seat to be thrown away which was so undoubtedly

their own. Had there been an opening for a real political contest, some interest might have attached to the struggle, as the candidates were in some sense typical men. Mr. HIBBERT, as he admitted, never was in Blackburn until he came there as a candidate; but he has been in Parliament for some years, and has acquired much official experience. Mr. THWAITES is Blackburn to the backbone. He has lived there all his life, he is a brewer, he is the master of many publicans, and, as he told the electors with a magnificence worthy of the CÆSARS, he is going to leave Blackburn a legacy when he dies. It is hard to persuade electors who drink a man's beer while he is alive, and are to benefit by his money when he dies, that he is not as good a person to represent them in Parliament as a stranger who happened to be an official under a Government which has no longer anything to give away. Mr. HIBBERT had not much to say against Mr. THWAITES, except that Mr. THWAITES owned too many public-houses; and Mr. HIBBERT's supporters could only add that Mr. THWAITES could not speak. To the latter charge Mr. THWAITES replied, with vernacular eloquence, that when people trod on his corns they would find he had quite enough to say, and as to his public-houses, he thought, and justly thought, that the inhabitants of Blackburn were grateful to him for giving them unlimited opportunities of buying the beer they love. The result has quite justified his views, and the present Parliament is enriched with one more silent brewer. It will soon be recognized that a man who is at once a Conservative and a brewer has not so much a title to be elected as a right to claim a seat for the borough which he refreshes. No one can have any real chance against him. If any human being could oppose him successfully, it would be a Liberal gin-distiller. But then there are so few gin-distillers, and but few of them are Liberals.

In one way the contest at Blackburn deserves some notice, as it illustrated the difficult position in which Liberal candidates now find themselves. Mr. HIBBERT is not only a Liberal, but he is a Liberal of some eminence in his party. But he had not a word to say that indicated what he meant by saying he was a Liberal, or in what respects he differed from a Conservative. He had not a single measure to propose or support beyond the programme of the present Ministry. He had not a fault to find with anything the present Ministry has done. There is nothing just now which people wish for, or can be made to pretend they wish for, and which the present Ministry is not as likely to give them as any other Ministry would be. Such blunders as the Government has made are not of the kind which catch the attention of popular constituencies, and the popularity of the Ministry, which in most respects has been fairly earned, remains wholly unimpaired. A Liberal of the present day, with no Liberal measures to propose, and obliged to refrain from attacking his opponents, is very unlike the Liberal of old days who had always two or three sweeping changes at his fingers' ends, and who derided Conservatives as the stupidest of men. Mr. HIBBERT took a sort of mild credit to himself and his party for not imputing the loss of the *Vanguard* to the mismanagement of the Government. When the *Captain* was lost the Conservatives were not so scrupulous, and made a little party capital out of the catastrophe. It was equally ridiculous in both cases to set down a maritime casualty to the score of the Ministry; but the Liberals have not been tempted as the Conservatives were. When a Government has begun to be unpopular, anything, just or unjust, that is said against it, may help to swell the tide of unpopularity. When a Ministry is popular, even the beeriest elector can understand that Mr. WARD HUNT had no more to do with the loss of the *Vanguard* than he had to do with the Transit of Venus. All that Mr. HIBBERT could do at Blackburn was to try to show that the Conservatives might perfectly well vote for him, as there was not the slightest difference of opinion between them. He had even to purge himself from the possible reproach of disaffection to the Established Church. He tore away the veil of his personal modesty, related his deeds of devotion, and described how assiduously he had trudged to and fro to teach in night schools, and how zealously he had managed day schools. Who would have thought two years ago that a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE, one of his officials, one of his peculiar set, would live to contest a seat on the ground that he really agreed with Mr. DISRAELI, and would advance, as a special plea in his favour, that he had been in the habit of teaching in schools

in the evening? To Mr. HIBBERT's argument that, as there was no real difference between Conservatives and Liberals, the electors might just as well return him, Mr. THWAITES naturally replied that, as there was no difference between him and his opponent, it would be better that he should be returned. When things have come to this issue, it is evident that the result must be left to be decided by party organization. The Liberals voted for Mr. HIBBERT because they belonged to the Liberal party, and he belonged to the Liberal party. Liberalism in this sense means merely a colour. It is yellow, not blue, and is so far intelligible. The Conservatives did just the same, and, as there were more of them, their colour won.

It must, however, be owned that Mr. HIBBERT struck out one small line of his own, which he thought gave him a distinctive merit, and which he believed could not fail to procure him local favour. He went in for the removal of the Indian import duty of five per cent. on cotton goods. Blackburn is a place of many cotton mills, and he offered a new opening for the industry of the town. This, no doubt, was captivating; but then, when Mr. THWAITES heard of this brilliant notion of his opponent, he indignantly repudiated the notion that he was incapable of appropriating it. Any one, as he justly remarked, could understand what five per cent. meant, and that was all that it seemed to him necessary to understand. He was just as ready to go in for the removal of an impost obnoxious to Blackburn as any one else. Both candidates equally ignored the difficulties of Indian finance, and treated the question from a purely Blackburn point of view. The only question left was, which of them, if returned, was the more likely to do Blackburn the good turn which it wanted. Mr. THWAITES argued that he could, as it were, tip a wink to his kind friends the Ministers, and that they would be sure to attend to so zealous and distinguished a supporter. Mr. HIBBERT, with possibly a lively recollection of the ways and manners of the Government with which he had been connected, replied that he had observed that Ministries did not much care for the tips and winks of supporters, and that they thought much more of the speech of an opponent which caught the notice of the public and forced a question on them against their will. Probably Mr. HIBBERT was right, and Lord SALISBURY is not likely to be much affected by the nods and becks of Mr. THWAITES. But at any rate Mr. THWAITES will do his best, and he urged that this is more than the electors could rely on Mr. HIBBERT doing. The electors had to face the dismal contingency that the candidate who was returned might fail to do his duty in this great matter, and they had to consider which of the two was the more certain not to betray them. Long experience has convinced Mr. THWAITES that self-interest is the mainspring of human action, and he pointed out that this great motive power would operate more powerfully on him than on his opponent. Mr. HIBBERT could only take up the removal of the impost as a public question, but Mr. THWAITES had the much more impulsive stimulant of a private object to attain. If the mills of Blackburn found a new market, the men would get more wages. If the men got more wages, they would drink more beer. Filter profits as you will, Mr. THWAITES triumphantly remarked, the brewer is the man to whom you come at last. This, we should imagine, was an argument eminently calculated to please the constituency of Blackburn. They know the worth of a brewer; they understand and appreciate him. They wanted a brewer to represent them, and they have got one, and may now be left to enjoy that kind of human happiness which being represented by a brewer is calculated to impart.

#### THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.

IT is useless to speculate on the probable course of the insurrection in Herzegovina as long as the accounts which are received evidently vary with the inclinations of reporters and journalists. The Consular agents appear to have failed in their mission; it was long before they were able to obtain interviews with the insurgent chiefs, and they have apparently not been able to obtain satisfactory assurances. The Turkish Government has despatched a large force into the disturbed districts; but it may probably be difficult to penetrate the mountain fastnesses of the rebels, especially as the season advances. The representative Assembly of Servia has displayed un-

expected prudence by answering the Speech at the commencement of the Session in the same conventional and indefinite phrases which had been used by the PRINCE. The army of the Principality is ready for action; but it will probably not be set in motion without encouragement from some of the great neighbouring Powers. The rumours of outrages committed by the Turks within Servian territory deserve little credence. The PRINCE of MONTENEGRO, though he is perhaps compelled to express warlike aspirations, is restrained by the commands of Russia, and he is perhaps embarrassed by the inaction of Servia. It must be remembered by the officious advocates of the disruption of the Ottoman Empire that, whatever may be the grievances of Herzegovina or Bosnia, the Servians and Montenegrins have absolutely no ground or pretext for a quarrel with Turkey. The Porte is fully justified in taking active measures of precaution, and in intimating to the Governments of Servia and Montenegro that it cannot afford permanently to keep on foot an army of a hundred thousand men as a security against unprovoked aggression. It is probable that a vigorous policy will produce more effect than remonstrance or argument. Both Principalities hope to extend their frontiers by annexation of the whole or part of the insurgent provinces; but they are themselves absolutely exempt from the oppression which they affect to resent. Among the few and obscure philanthropists who have attempted to create an English agitation in favour of the insurgents, some are probably pledged, as members of the Peace Society, to denounce even the most just and necessary wars. It would be unjust to attribute similar inconsistency to Lord RUSSELL, who considers every war with which he has been connected to be both laudable in itself and a precedent for future belligerents. His offer of 50*l.* to the insurgents may perhaps have produced an erroneous impression that serious politicians share the views of Lord RUSSELL himself, and of his congenial ally GARIBALDI. It seems that M. GAMBETTA in a late visit to Vienna thought it more expedient to cultivate the favour of the Austrian Government than to indulge revolutionary sympathies by encouraging the insurgents.

Within a few days the three Imperial Governments have severally taken occasion to explain their policy in the measured and mysterious phrases which are usually employed in similar communications. Count ANDRASSY, representing the Government which is most immediately and practically connected with the present complications, was, as might be expected, pre-eminently cautious in his official utterances. In answer to questions, he informed the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Hungarian Delegation that he had sanguine hopes of maintaining the peace of Europe, and of protecting the interests of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. In the affairs of the neighbouring Empire he feared that a satisfactory and final arrangement was impracticable, but he considered it feasible to adopt measures which would facilitate an ultimate solution. Remote critics may perhaps object to the CHANCELLOR's language that it conveyed neither meaning nor information. It might be taken for granted that Austria would preserve peace and protect herself, and that her influence would be used to avert any danger which might arise from troublesome neighbourhood. The interpretation of the speech is to be found in the approval of the audience which had every means of understanding the real intentions of the Minister. The Hungarians, more than any other subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Government, are interested in preventing either the annexation of Slavonic provinces, or the establishment of independent States on the Southern border. The assent of the Delegation must have been given to a pacific and unambitious policy which had been preceded by some early indications of sympathy with the insurrection. There can be little doubt that Count ANDRASSY has succeeded in defeating any attempts which may have been made to commit the Imperial Government to designs against the integrity of Turkey. The EMPEROR himself has since assured the Delegation that there was no danger of a disturbance of peace, and that all the great Powers were agreed on the question.

The German CHANCELLOR has formally repudiated in an official newspaper communication all expressions of opinion which may have been attributed to his Government. Since the beginning of the insurrection he has given no instructions to any journal, and he now announces that his policy is to wait for the action of allies who are more immediately interested in the controversy. Taking no notice of France



or England, Prince BISMARCK declares his determination to act in concert with Austria and Russia, which, as he tacitly assumes, will have between themselves no divergence of interest or policy. Germany seems to be neither the friend nor the enemy of Turkey, and the possessor of Posen and of North Sleswig will not be expected to feel uncontrollable sympathy for nationalities or for insurrections. Commentators on Prince BISMARCK's language conjecture, without sufficient warrant, that he would desire the annexation of the Slavonic provinces of Turkey to Austria. The theory is not deficient in plausibility, though it derives no countenance from the text of the official article. It is probable that a derangement of the actual equilibrium among the various races which are subject to the Austrian Crown might tend eventually to relax the allegiance of the German provinces. Although some result of the kind might follow from the conversion of Austria into a great Slavonic Monarchy, Prince BISMARCK is not likely publicly to avow his expectation of acquiring any part of the present Austrian territory. The alliance of Germany with Russia would be gravely compromised by any attempt to dismember Turkey for the exclusive aggrandizement of Austria. Prince BISMARCK probably means exactly what he says in declaring his purpose of abstaining from intervention in Eastern affairs. Germany cannot afford to offend powerful allies whose good will would, in the event of any European disturbance, be eagerly courted by France.

An official article in a Moscow paper is more distinct than the utterances either of Vienna or of Berlin; but it is well known that different members of the Russian Ministry have separate organs of their own which often represent conflicting opinions. The *Journal of St. Petersburg* declares that foreign Cabinets ought to prove their confidence in the intentions of the SULTAN by abstaining from even diplomatic pressure. According to the *Golos*, the Imperial Government, while it foresees the inevitable fall of the Ottoman Empire, disapproves of the present movement as premature. It is announced, with cynical candour, that the appointment of MAHMOUD PASHA to the office of Grand Vizier was promoted by General IGNATIEFF for reasons which would be compatible with the most genuine friendship for the Porte. The GRAND VIZIER belongs to the old Turkish party, and he is a man of vigour and determination. If the Russians really desire the failure of the insurrection, they are perfectly consistent in selecting a Minister who is certain to adopt the prudent and direct policy of refusing to parley with rebellion. No redress of grievances will secure the restoration of peace unless it is accompanied by a display of irresistible force. The Turkish army is defective in many respects, and especially in the quality of the inferior officers; but the number of troops which will shortly be engaged in the campaign ought to be sufficient to overpower resistance. The co-operation of the Russian Government with the Porte indicates a jealousy of Austria which will probably not be publicly avowed. The annexation of Bosnia, or the establishment of preponderating Austrian influence in an independent principality formed out of the insurgent provinces, would on obvious grounds be highly distasteful to Russia. The published intentions and the more recondite designs of the great Powers are equally calculated to repress the hopes of the insurgents. The English Government will have adopted as usual a straightforward, intelligible, and disinterested policy; and it will perhaps have been, by an odd coincidence, the duty of Sir HENRY ELLIOT to explain that Lord RUSSELL's singular interference represented no opinion but his own.

#### THE VANGUARD.

THE inquiry into the loss of the *Vanguard* presents a melancholy exposure of want of capacity and discretion, not only in the officers of that ship, but in almost every one who had any connexion with the affair. Accidents will of course happen from time to time even in the best-regulated fleet, and if this one had been due only to a single irregularity or error of judgment, however much it might have been blamed and deplored, it could have been endured as one of the unavoidable risks of a dangerous service. What gives special gravity to the disaster is that it was due, not to a single piece of blundering, but to a general spirit of carelessness and recklessness on the part of the whole squadron, ranging apparently from the highest rank to the lowest. In reviewing last week the evidence as to the collision, we pointed out that it was not attributable to

any one irregularity or error by itself, but to a combination of rashness and bungling in various directions; and this view is fully supported by the judgment of the Court-Martial which has now been given. The beginning of the mischief was the injudiciously high rate of speed maintained by the squadron, with the sanction and example of the ADMIRAL, when the fog came on. It was a very dense fog, and suddenly enveloped the squadron in the midst of a change of formation; and it might have been supposed that, under such circumstances, the greatest caution would have been used for the sake, not merely of the squadron itself, but of any other shipping which might be about. By the Admiralty Instructions three or four knots is fixed as the maximum speed in a fog, except under special circumstances; and in this case there were no special circumstances which absolutely required full speed, though it might, on account of the tide, have been convenient. Even, however, if full speed had been maintained, it is possible that no harm might have come of it, if the same speed had been kept up throughout the whole squadron. As it was, in the absence of any specific instructions from the flag-ship, the captains were left to their own discretion; and while the *Vanguard* slackened, the *Iron Duke* quickened her pace. There can be no doubt that this was the main cause of the disaster, and that it had its origin in the VICE-ADMIRAL shirking the responsibility of giving orders as to speed when the fog changed the conditions of the voyage. What ought to be done under such circumstances is not a question of very profound seamanship. It is obvious that what is above all important for a squadron in a fog is that each ship should know what the rest are about; and the only way in which harmony of movement can be maintained is by the commander of the squadron giving positive orders which may be heard and obeyed all round. If captains are to be left to their own individual discretion when a difficulty arises, it is hard to see what is the use of a commander-in-chief. The VICE-ADMIRAL's excuse is that he had no means of making a signal to reduce speed which would not be misunderstood; and if this is so, it is evident that the Admiralty signal-book is fatally defective. There is an apparent inconsistency in the Court's censure, first of the high speed of the squadron, and then of the "unnecessary reduction of speed" by the *Vanguard*; but what is meant is no doubt that the *Vanguard* should either have kept on at the same pace or signalled distinctly to the *Iron Duke* that she was reducing speed. The other causes which are specified by the Court as leading to the collision are Captain DAWKINS's neglect to remain on deck until his ship was in her station—a remark which applies also to Captain HICKLEY—and his neglect to make a proper signal to the *Iron Duke*, and, on the other hand, the increased speed, improper steering, and omission of fog-signals on the part of the *Iron Duke*. The Court also comes to the conclusion that the foundering of the *Vanguard* might have been delayed, if not averted, if immediate and energetic action had been taken; and for this and other remissness and want of judgment Captain DAWKINS is severely reprimanded and dismissed from his command, while other chief officers escape with a reprimand.

It will be seen that, though this judgment deals directly only with the captain and officers of the *Vanguard*, it also bears upon the captain of the *Iron Duke*, and the VICE-ADMIRAL in command, who will both, we assume, be immediately brought to trial. If the speed at which the squadron was ordered to go was excessive, the commander-in-chief is responsible for it. It also appears that Captain HICKLEY, like Captain DAWKINS, went below before his ship was in station; and, although he was not personally to blame for the mistake in steering, which he endeavoured immediately to rectify, there seems to have been a general looseness in the ship for which he will have to answer. And this brings us to what we regard as the most serious aspect of the case. The Court finds that on board the *Vanguard* there was on the part of the captain, commander, navigating lieutenant, chief engineer, and chief carpenter, "a neglect of duty," "a want of judgment," "a want of resource, promptitude, decision," and "a great want of energy in command"; and much the same thing may be said of the people on board the *Iron Duke*. No doubt, the best of men will sometimes make a mistake; but here there is evidence on all sides of a weak, flustered, muddle-headed state of mind, and helpless ineptitude in carrying out the details of regular duty, which suggests some very uncomfortable reflections.

It would almost appear, indeed, as if they were all like men walking in their sleep. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than between the keen and continuous watchfulness, the ready nous and energy, the quick appreciation of difficulties and discovery of the means of meeting them, which characterized the seamen of the old school, and the dazed, limp, distracted sort of way in which everything seems to have been done in this instance. Here are, first, two captains taking their ease below at a most critical moment, while changing stations, and a fog coming on. One of them does not know his signal-book, and his subordinates appear to have been equally ignorant. In the case of the other ship, although the fog had been on for about half-an-hour, the steam was never put on to the whistle till after the collision. Then the look-out seems to have been drowsy and careless on both vessels. The strange ship ahead which distracted the attention of the *Vanguard* so much came quite close within some fifteen minutes after the fog began, and must therefore have been within sight before the view was obscured. We find that on board the *Iron Duke* it was thought not worth while either for the lieutenant on duty to ask for, or for the engineer to send up, reports of the rate of speed; that the lieutenant ordered full speed, in ignorance of the rapid pace at which they were actually going, and also told the quartermaster to give the ship a good sheer out of her course, without specifying how much or consulting the captain. On board the flag-ship they began by firing too small a gun, and seem also to have been in doubt as to what can be done by steam signals. Indeed, there seems to have been general bewilderment on this subject, the flag-ship and *Hector* going quietly on without hearing or attending to the *Vanguard's* signals of distress after the collision. Most significant of all are the disclosures as to the unreadiness of the *Vanguard* in regard to the closing of the water-tight compartments and rigging of the pumps. There were not enough spanners for closing the doors of the former, but the chief engineer had intended to have some made on board. The catches of some of the doors were either too stiff or too loose, and would not work. There were also plugs of wood which had to be removed in order to close the doors, but which stuck fast, and a large grating was in the way of one of the doors in 85 bulkhead. When the water first came into the engine-room, BORLASE, an artificer, tried to start the 40-horse steam suction-engine, but could not get up the plate, as the rivet which served as a handle had been broken off. They had been in the habit of using a knife as a makeshift, but now of course one was not to be found. This witness stated that, if the doors of the engine-room communicating with the stoke-hole had been closed as soon as the ship was struck, so that the steam-pumps could have been kept going, the ship might have been saved. But of course there was a fatal delay. Ventilating holes had been cut in 85 bulkhead, and left without any covering; and the chief engineer could not say whether there were any covers on any part of the double bottom. The hatch of the starboard provision-room was left off. As for the hand-pumps, which were the only resource when it was found that the steam-pumps would not work, only a few of them were rigged in time and these were worked in a half-hearted, fitful way. It was not till the very last that it occurred to anybody to try stopping the leak, and then the farce of putting scraps of a rug under a door was tried. On the suggestion of the Chief Engineer a request was sent to the *Iron Duke* to tow the *Vanguard* into shallow water, but no one knows who took or what became of that most important message.

It is impossible to read the evidence without having the impression forced upon one that a certain easy-going looseness and carelessness must have crept into the ordinary working of the ships. There are no signs of the alert vigilance and ready preparation for any emergency which are indispensable to safety at sea, but only a sort of sleepy faith that somehow everything would go on smoothly, and that the ships would take care of themselves. The chief officers have apparently got to be too grand to look after things for themselves, and each subordinate trusts to the man below him. And this leads us to the question which we suggested last week, but of which no notice has been taken by the Court, whether the round of festivities in which the squadron had been sedulously engaged on the Irish coast for some weeks before the accident had anything to do with the confused and soft-headed condition of the officers and men. It is unnecessary to suppose that there was any actual insobriety, but it is natural to

expect that a rapid interchange of hospitalities between the ships and the shore, dinners and dances in quick succession, and a constant throng of miscellaneous visitors bustling about the vessels, would have a somewhat unsettling effect on the steady discipline which is necessary in a man-of-war. There can be no doubt that a change has in recent years been observed in the tone of the service, especially that part of it which is attached to the ironclad fleet. There are crack ships as there are crack regiments, and dandified airs and pretensions are assumed which are hardly consistent with the duties which have to be discharged. It is possible that the naval officers of to-day surpass their predecessors in social accomplishments, but it may be feared that their professional qualities have as steadily deteriorated. There is nothing worse for a navy than that it should be officered by men who are above their business. At the same time the Admiralty is greatly to blame for encouraging the delusion that the mission of an ironclad fleet is only a sort of holiday sport. What would seem to have come over the navy is a softening of the brain.

#### THE RAILWAY JUBILEE.

THE speakers at the Darlington railway meeting must have felt the proverbial difficulty of the orator who was required to declaim in honour of HERCULES. *Quis vituperavit?* was an obvious criticism, and it applies to all similar celebrations. Railway engines are stronger than any imaginary HERCULES, and the mechanism of which they form a part daily performs services to the community more important than the twelve labours of the demi-god. It is true that in the case of railways vituperation is not wanting; and perhaps HERCULES himself was criticized by contemporary centaurs. If commemorative festivals are to be approved, the lapse of half a century from the opening of the first public railway afforded a suitable opportunity for recording the greatest and most solid of engineering achievements. The North-Eastern Company, which has long since absorbed into its imperial system the little Stockton and Darlington line, naturally took the lead in organizing the celebration; and it happened by a convenient coincidence that the town of Darlington simultaneously proposed to unveil a statue of their townsman Mr. PEASE, who had been the principal promoter of the original railway. The Duke of CLEVELAND, the Marquis of RIFON, the Lord Mayor of LONDON, and other personages of less note, gave by their attendance the duly ornamental character to the occasion. Mr. PEASE and GEORGE STEPHENSON were properly the heroes of the day; and the enthusiasm with which their memory was regarded could not but be enhanced by local associations. If the Duke of CLEVELAND and other eulogistic speakers may be trusted, Mr. PEASE rendered great services to the community among which he lived. STEPHENSON's fame is national as well as provincial, and he has, like AGAMEMNON, been fortunate in an admiring and popular biographer. It may be collected from Mr. SMILES's narrative that STEPHENSON shared the common weakness of bigoted and exclusive attachment to his own performances. In his later years he habitually denounced younger innovators, whom he thought that he condemned by describing them as "the fast school of engineers." A man of genius commands more general sympathy when he displays his liability to ordinary human failings, and GEORGE STEPHENSON had the additional excuse of having been an uneducated and a self-made man.

His professional successors have, with few exceptions, enjoyed greater advantages in early life; but the qualities by which they are distinguished are in a great degree independent of scientific training. A knack of rapid mental calculation, an accurate knowledge of the strength and tenacity of materials, and in general a mastery of the rule of thumb, are the main conditions of success as a civil engineer. The more scientific department of mechanical construction is now generally undertaken by another class of engineers. STEPHENSON constructed his own comparatively rude locomotive; but his chief merit perhaps consisted in his clear perception of the capabilities of railways and railway engines. The first condition of improved transit had been provided in the middle of the last century by Dr. OUTRAM, who gave his name, or half his name, to tram-roads. The discoveries of TREVITHICK and WATT supplied the motive power which might have been applied by various methods to the object of propul-



sion. Experience has shown that the locomotive is, on the whole, the most convenient instrument of traction; but other contrivances were at different times preferred by highly competent engineers. The London and Blackwall Railway was worked for many years with carriages attached to an endless rope, which was moved by a stationary engine; and timid railway travellers ought to cherish the memory of an arrangement which rendered collisions, and almost all other accidents, physically impossible. The London and Croydon Railway and the South Devon Railway, then under the management of BRUNEL, were provided with atmospheric engines which sucked the carriages along a tube, with a moveable valve which closed behind them. In this manner also danger was almost wholly eliminated, and perhaps the atmospheric system would have superseded locomotives if chemists had kept pace with engineers by inventing some composition which would have effectually excluded the air. To all heretical experiments of the kind, as well as to an increase of the gauge, STEPHENSON offered uncompromising and obstinate opposition. The existing gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. was adopted for the purely empirical reason that it was the width of the old mail coaches. STEPHENSON and his disciples almost persuaded themselves that their gauge had been the result of a divine revelation; and, fortunately for their credit, unforeseen improvements in the construction of boilers have brought the narrow-gauge engine to an equality with BRUNEL's broad-gauge engine. Long after STEPHENSON's time, Mr. BESSEMER's inventions in the manufacture of steel rendered it possible to increase enormously the durability of rails.

A contributor to the *Times* has taken occasion to publish voluminous tables of all the figures which can, in his judgment, amuse or instruct students of the economy of railways. It is indeed difficult for ordinary persons to take an interest in the proportion of population to the number of miles, or train miles, of railways; but on a certain class of minds arithmetical results exercise a singular attraction. It may be observed that, by a natural division of labour, compilers of statistics are frequently incapable of deducing legitimate inferences from their own calculations. Perhaps it is desirable that, while they provide others with the material for useful deductions, statisticians should be unbiassed by considerations of utility. The writer in the *Times*, after stating that the average cost of English railways has been 43,773*l.* per mile, justly remarks that the capital outlay is not exclusively applied to construction; and he adds that the cost is swelled by the amount of legal and Parliamentary expenses. In his tables he shows that this item is about one-half per cent. on the capital, and that it might therefore be safely left out of consideration. He at the same time forgets that the capital of Railway Companies includes the cost of rolling stock, which may be roughly taken as equal to a third or a fourth of the cost of construction. In discussions on railways and on other matters prudent economists regard averages with suspicion. A double line of railway in London, with the necessary stations and other appendages, may perhaps cost a million or two millions per mile. A surface single line in a poor rural district may be made for 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* a mile, and if the two lines are jumbled up together for statistical purposes, the result is far from instructive. The compiler of the tables seems to be unaware that the apparent cost of a line necessarily increases with its duration, because rolling stock wears out, and the cost of replacement is wholly or partly added to capital. The whole amount of railway capital for the United Kingdom is 610,000,000*l.* It may be doubted whether the same sum could have been expended in any manner which would have added so largely to the wealth and comfort of the community. The proportion of net receipts to capital is 4.37 per cent., a result which proves that the profits of railway enterprise have not been exorbitant; yet the *Times* lately contained a suggestion, by the writer of the City article, that the income of railway shareholders should be reduced by taxation to a maximum of five per cent.

The speakers at Darlington may be excused for confining themselves to inevitable commonplaces. A few years hence, when there may possibly be celebrations of the semi-centenary of the first Reform Bill or of the abolition of slavery, orators will have the advantage of appealing to sentiments which are still operative in political controversy. The advantages of railways cannot by the utmost ingenuity be made matter of dispute; and it was not likely

that the admirers of STEPHENSON should anticipate hostile critics by referring to the accidents which unfortunately occur from time to time. Their business was to congratulate one another and the world on a great and permanent victory over time and space. Much the same phrases might be used about telegraphy; but railways are the more valuable contrivance of the two. If it were possible to discover the name and date of the first inventor of a wheel, a fifth or sixth millenary festival might be held in his honour.

#### SCRUTIN DE LISTE AND SCRUTIN D'ARRONDISSEMENT.

SOME of the Republican journals in Paris have lately asserted that M. BUFFET has persuaded his colleagues to treat the adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* as a question of confidence, and further that he has obtained from Marshal MACMAHON an assurance that, if the *scrutin de liste* is retained, and the Ministry resigns, he will not favour an immediate dissolution. The rumour has been denied by other newspapers, though not by any which are supposed to be specially in the secrets of the Government, and it is rendered improbable by the fact that the Ministers have of late been scattered over the country, and that so important a decision would hardly be taken except when all of them were in Paris. Still, the hostility of M. BUFFET to the *scrutin de liste* is well known, and the contents of the electoral law can hardly be left an open question in the Cabinet. M. DUFAURE was formerly a partisan of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and though M. THIERS and the Left Centre have since changed their minds on the point, the Ministers who are supposed to represent this section of the Assembly have been more under Conservative influences, and may not have followed the movement of their former companions. The aspect in which the subject will present itself is one under which they have already had to make more than one decision. The present Cabinet is understood to be the most Liberal that the PRESIDENT will consent to work with. If M. BUFFET resigns, Marshal MACMAHON will disregard Parliamentary conventionalities, and govern by Ministers who do not pretend to command a majority in the Assembly. Is it not better therefore to keep the present Ministry together at any sacrifice until after the dissolution, rather than suffer the elections to be held under the reactionary guidance of the Duke of BROGLIE? There was a time when this argument might have convinced the entire Left Centre; but now, if it convinces M. DUFAURE and M. LÉON SAY, it will probably be all that it will do. The experience that the Left Centre has had of M. BUFFET may naturally have suggested a doubt whether, after all, he is so much more liberal than the Duke of BROGLIE as to make him worth retaining at any very high price. It is true that he has taken an active part in the establishment of the Republican Constitution, but then the Duke of BROGLIE now seems to have abandoned all thoughts of a Restoration, and to be as loyal a servant of the Republic as M. BUFFET himself. If there has ceased to be much difference between the principles of the two politicians, there never has been any in their administration. The Duke of BROGLIE filled the Civil Service with Bonapartists, and M. BUFFET has kept them all in their place. The state of siege has been everywhere maintained. The same discriminating favour has been shown to Bonapartist journals. The same indiscriminating severity has been dealt out to Republican journals which thought that they might presume on the impunity accorded to the avowed enemies of the Constitution. Reflections of this kind would greatly soften the blow of M. BUFFET's resignation; and when it is remembered that the cause of the PRIME MINISTER's dislike to the *scrutin de liste* is supposed to be his belief that it would give too much strength to the Republican party, it is not strange if the Left Centre think that M. BUFFET armed with the *scrutin d'arrondissement* may prove a more formidable adversary than the Duke of BROGLIE armed with no better weapon than the *scrutin de liste*.

If the choice between the two methods of framing the constituencies had to be made simply on the merits of the case, a great deal might unquestionably be said for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. There is something exceedingly unsatisfactory in the idea of the electors of a whole department voting for a long string of candidates supplied to them by a Committee sitting in Paris, and

securing the entire representation of all the *arrondissements* by virtue perhaps of a bare majority in two or three of them. There are two objections, however, to the substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* under the particular circumstances in which it is proposed to effect it. One is, that it is not pretended that the change is to be made in order to represent the electors more thoroughly. The avowed motive for it is that it would give the anti-Republican party more power in the next Legislature. The expiring Assembly is to employ its closing hours in so cooking the constituencies as to ensure that the policy which it can no longer promote itself shall, if possible, be promoted by its successor. The success of such a measure would certainly be only temporary, while it would serve as a standing invitation to the opposite party to resort to the same tactics as soon as they found themselves in a position to do so. Few prospects can be more melancholy than that of a series of Reform Bills, each aiming at disfranchising as many as possible of the opposite party. The second objection is that, in so far as the *scrutin d'arrondissement* answers the purpose of its authors, it will tend to keep France in a condition of political uncertainty from which it is of the utmost moment that she should escape. It is generally believed that, under the present distribution of voting power, the Republicans will have a decisive majority in the new Chamber of Deputies. The result of the proposed change in the present distribution of voting power could scarcely be so marked as to give a decisive majority to any other party. The most that M. BUFFET hopes from the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is, probably, that it will leave parties almost equally balanced. Most persons who look at French political contests from the outside will admit that, under present circumstances, France needs more than anything else to have an unmistakable check given to the intrigues of all who desire the overthrow of the existing Government. Before such a check can be effectually administered, the country must give an unmistakable assent to a Government of some kind. If under the *scrutin de liste* this assent will be secured for the Republic, whereas under the *scrutin d'arrondissement* only a doubtful or wavering judgment will be pronounced, that constitutes an excellent reason for the maintenance of the *scrutin de liste*. If it seemed likely that, under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, an assent of the same kind would be secured for some other form of government, whereas under the *scrutin de liste* only a doubtful or wavering judgment would be pronounced, that would constitute an excellent reason for the adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Supposing that by some change in the distribution of seats in England it had been possible at the last election to balance parties so equally that the transfer of two or three votes would at any time leave Ministers in a minority, no reasonable Liberal would have preferred such a result to the result which was actually obtained. If permanent political uncertainty is bad even for a country in which political differences are almost imperceptible, how much worse must it not be for a country in which political differences extend to the whole fabric of the Government.

Among the first newspapers to give circulation to the report about the intentions of the Cabinet was M. GAMBETTA's organ, the *République Française*, but no shadow of coming events seems to sadden M. GAMBETTA himself. He has been interviewed at Vienna by a newspaper Correspondent, and has again asserted his conviction that everything is going on well, that Marshal MACMAHON is entirely above party interests, that M. BUFFET is not nearly so Bonapartist as he is painted, that the divisions of the Republican party are of no importance, that there is no need to be excited about the elections, since they are not likely to happen before the spring, and that in the interval France will probably be like a woman who must be left quiet when she desires it. Utterances of this kind have not, and are not intended to have, any real political significance. If M. GAMBETTA had said nothing to the Correspondent of the *Presse*, every newspaper in France would have set to work to put an interpretation on his silence. One set of meanings would probably have pretty well cancelled another, but M. GAMBETTA is no doubt aware of the use to which ingenious persons can turn the absence of a contradiction, and he wisely preferred to give his critics harmless employment in the shape of a string of commonplaces. The dissolution cannot be delayed very much longer, even if it should be true that Marshal MACMAHON will try to make it dependent on the substitution of small constituencies for large ones;

and, until the dissolution comes, the least said either in or out of the Assembly will probably prove to be the soonest mended on the hustings.

#### WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

NO Commission that has been appointed of late years has had a more important or a more difficult task assigned to it than the Commission which is now inquiring into the working of the Factory Acts. The facts of the case are often disputed; opposite opinions are held even by experts as to the possibility of making the law effective as regards children; while, as regards women, there are grave doubts whether the law ought to be made effective. One thing, however, the public has a right to expect from the Commissioners, and that is a statement in which there shall be no suppressions. If some of the Factory Acts have remained, and have been allowed to remain, a dead letter, let us be told where, why, and by whom this has been permitted. If the moral and physical condition of the factory workers in certain districts is such that an unsoftened account of it will be shocking to sensitive readers, let sensitive readers be for once disregarded. Whether the conclusions of the Commissioners' Report point to a legislative amendment of this condition or to the impossibility of altering it, except by the action of the workers themselves, none of the statements on which those conclusions are founded ought to be kept back. A passage in the Report of Mr. BAKER, one of the Government Inspectors of Factories for the year 1874, may serve to show that the danger of suppression is not altogether imaginary. After giving some extracts from the Report of a Sub-Inspector on the condition of the nail and chain district in the Black Country, Mr. BAKER excuses himself for not introducing a tithe of what his subordinate has said, on the plea that, "in a Report of this kind, or of any kind, it is indescribable, and must necessarily be omitted." At the same time he says that, from what he has himself seen, he believes all that Mr. BREWER has said to be true. Mr. BAKER seems wholly to mistake the nature and use of his own Reports. They are not meant to be circulated in girls' schools, or to lie on drawing-room tables. They are designed to help those whose business it is to make or influence public opinion in forming their judgment upon the facts with which the Report has to deal, and nothing can do so much service in this way as a full and uncoloured narrative of what the reporter has seen and heard. Nothing that Mr. BREWER can have to say about the Black Country ought to have been kept back so long as Mr. BAKER did not think the statements untrue. When Parliament comes to legislate for factory women and children, it will want to know their actual condition, not so much of their actual condition as Mr. BAKER thinks describable.

There is matter enough for serious consideration in the extracts which Mr. BAKER has given. It must be remembered that the Factory Acts are regarded by many persons as a substitute for direct compulsion in education. The true way to get children to school, it is often said, is to forbid their going to work until they have passed the school age. The desire to get their children's wages will make the parents do what they would not do from a regard to their children's welfare. Perhaps, if it were possible to enact that no child, whatever its age, should go to work until it had reached a certain standard of education, such a law might fully answer the end proposed. All that those charged with enforcing it would then have to do would be to apply the test to all children found at work, and to send them home if they failed to satisfy it. But, as such a law is plainly unattainable, Parliament has to content itself with providing that no children shall go to work under a certain age; and trustworthy evidence as to the age of children is very hard to get. "Almost daily," says Mr. BREWER, "I detect some child in falsehood as to its real age, tutored thereto by its parents. . . . There are hundreds of children 'evading the law; some by waiting for my coming; others by false representations as to age, and signals; whilst others prefer running the risk of being found out.' The Sub-Inspector has applied to the schoolmasters of the district to send him in weekly reports of all their absentees, but little more than half of them do so with any



regularity. It is easy to conceive that the position of a schoolmaster who leagues himself with the Inspector to prevent children from doing what parents and employers are agreed in wishing them to do, is not always a pleasant one. The regulations about half-time are constantly evaded. The children are sent to school in the afternoon, after being at work from 6 A.M. to 1 P.M., and so far the Inspector has nothing to find fault with. But when school is over, at 4.30, "the poor little wretches are set to 'work again till 8 P.M.'" An interval of schooling interpolated into the middle of a long working day is scarcely better than no schooling at all.

Still, difficult as it may be to apply a remedy to this state of things, it is in the power of Parliament to do so if it chooses. In the condition of women in the Black Country, as set out even in the Bowdlerized edition of Mr. BREWER'S Report, a very much harder problem is presented. According to Mr. BREWER, the men in the Black Country, at all events in the nail and chain district, have entirely overcome their prejudices against women's labour. They have been helped no doubt to this victory by their success in depriving women's labour of any semblance of rivalry with their own. The relative duties of the sexes are simply reversed. The women work instead of the men, and thus the men have more time to spend in drinking. Lazy lads look out for industrious wives "in order to obtain an easy life." The husband works just long enough to find himself in drink when he can get no more money out of his wife; but it is the wife's earnings that keep the family. The middlemen who buy nails from the workers and sell them to the large masters are great patrons of women's labour, because women who have starving children at home are not inclined to higgie about terms, or to insist upon being paid in cash instead of in tea and bacon bought at the cheapest rate and retailed in lieu of wages at the dearest. The physical effects of this system need not be dwelt upon. Women cannot command the same wages as men, and they are more keenly sensible of the need of earning money. Consequently, they work longer hours, and show a total disregard of the commonest sanitary conditions, which must exert a terribly deteriorating effect on their own health, and on the health of their children. "Women work, often in an advanced state 'of pregnancy,' and recent labour equally fails to keep them at home. The manager of a brick-yard, says Mr. BREWER, 'noted a girl carrying clay looking exceedingly 'ill. Thinking she had been drinking over night, he exclaimed, 'Why, CLARA, you don't look up to much this 'morning.' 'No more would you,' was the retort, 'if 'you had had a child during the night.'"

This description of the Black Country fully bears out the objections which have often been taken to the extension of female labour. It is a plausible argument that women, equally with men, have to make a livelihood for themselves, and that to subject them to any restrictions in this respect is to place them at an unfair disadvantage. In the Black Country we see them entirely freed from such restrictions, but no system of protection, however shortsighted, could have placed them in a worse condition than they are there found in. It does not indeed follow from this that they have any title to the intervention of Parliament on their behalf. There are classes which, though they seem wholly unable to help themselves, can yet be helped by no one but themselves, and in the present state of society women may be one of these classes. It may prove perhaps that some legislative control over women's labour is needed, not in the interest of the women themselves, but in the interest of the children upon whose bringing up the physical and moral welfare of the next generation greatly depends. Even if women can make good their claim to do what they will with themselves, they have no indefeasible right to a similar liberty as regards their offspring. It will be something, however, if the evidence taken before the Royal Commission should show, as Mr. BREWER'S Report shows, that the admission of women to complete equality with men as regards employment, though it may be inevitable, is certainly not beneficial. It was better for both sexes when the husband went out to his work and the woman stayed at home to mind the house. There may be many stages to be passed through before this old-fashioned division of labour is brought back; but in so far as it is departed from, the results will tend to resemble those which are to be seen in dismal perfection in the Black Country.

#### THE TIMES IN A PUCKER.

MR. DISRAELI, as he is always proud to remind the world, is not only a statesman, but a country gentleman, and nothing could be more natural than that he should take part in the ceremony of opening the restored parish church which stands at his own gates. He attended the service, and afterwards presided at the friendly gathering which usually follows on such occasions, discharging the formal duties of his place in a simple and unpretending way, which most persons will be disposed to think particularly appropriate and in good taste. The *Times*, however, is deeply disappointed. It had apparently made up its mind that this would be a fine opportunity for Mr. DISRAELI to give the Church a bit of his mind in regard to its present condition. It is possible that the *Times* may take credit to itself for having in some degree stimulated Mr. DISRAELI to the histrionic roar with which, as a nurse sometimes does with a naughty child, he last year tried to frighten the so-called Ritualists into good behaviour; and at any rate the *Times* was so charmed with the performance that it has been anxiously waiting to hear him roar again. "The occasion," exclaims the *Times*, with the enthusiasm of a gushing young lady, was "so delightfully 'arranged.' Here was a restored church, 'apparently in 'much of the glory of the revived ritual,' a live Bishop, a long procession of clergymen, and not only clergymen, but clergymen in surplices—that is, actually wearing the costume of their order—and, as if that was not enough, carrying a banner representing St. MICHAEL transfixing the dragon. And all this 'just at the moment when a rising 'flutter of interest is felt in the recent ecclesiastical experiment in the Legislature.'" To make the situation complete, Mr. DISRAELI was accompanied, as a private guest, by no less a person than Sir W. HARCOURT, whose Protestant zeal had blazed last year even more fiercely than his own. The *Times* is bitterly mortified that such a rare chance was thrown away, and especially by such a one as Mr. DISRAELI, with such a good eye for dramatic effects. What might not the picturesque orator who planted the banner of St. GEORGE on the mountains of RASSELLAS have made of St. MICHAEL and the Dragon, which he could have transplanted to Wantley? Unhappily, Mr. DISRAELI was not in the mood, and such a chance will never come again. Mr. DISRAELI, instead of breaking into thunder, indulged only in a few quiet and genial sentences, in which he said "he was sure that those who had attended 'the service in church must have been touched in their inmost feelings by the happy efforts which have been made 'in the restoration of the structure, and that he trusted 'they should be able to show to the country that it was 'possible to combine the 'beauty of holiness' with the profession of the pure Protestant faith of the Church of England." And "that was all," the *Times* mourns; and "though Haghenden was doubtless satisfied, the world is 'none the wiser.'" Then Mr. DISRAELI made another little speech in honour of the wise and pious liberality of those who had provided the funds for the restoration, which the *Times*, in its bad temper, sneers at as "hyperbolic," though it afterwards, in another secretion of illogical spleen, complains that the laity was slighted, and that the ecclesiastical body was allowed "to overpower entirely the insignificant 'accessories of lay money, influence, and taste.'" There was still, however, "room for a brilliant turn being given 'to the proceedings'; but here again Mr. DISRAELI would not rise to his jumps. "He spoke three lines, saying 'he had come to discharge a duty, and had found it 'a pleasure'—what a wicked hyperbole the *Times* must think this—"and the proceedings abruptly terminated." "It really is," sighs the great organ with disappointed malice, "it really is a little hard upon the public at this 'season.'" There is only the Whitechapel mystery and the *Vanguard* and Mr. IRVING'S *Macbeth* for the public mind to dwell upon; and what a chance has been lost of giving it another Protestant fillip!

This is not all, however; bad goes before, but worse remains behind. Not only has the PREMIER shown, in the words of the recent Court-martial, "want of promptitude, 'resource, and energy,' but he has also been guilty of what, in the language of the same profession, would be called "slowness in attacking the enemy." There is more in these seemingly commonplace and conventional speeches than meets the eye of the ordinary observer. The *Times* has allowed its mind to dwell so fondly on the sort of speeches which Mr. DISRAELI ought to have made, that it cannot bring itself

even now to believe that they had no existence, except in its own cantankerous imagination. It is true they were not delivered, but Mr. DISRAELI must have had them in his mind, and was only deterred by something in the proceedings from giving utterance to them. "What," the *Times* asks in tones of portentous mystery, "what was the reason of this apparent collapse of an occasion on which the PREMIER and his Protestant guest might have been expected to show to such advantage?" These are indeed terrible times, though some people do not know it, when "even Prime Ministers and Protestant lawyers are apt to be eclipsed on such occasions." In other days "the squire and the great gentlemen of the neighbourhood" would have been the leading personages in such a ceremony, and "their wishes would be consulted, the proceedings would be adjusted to meet their taste, and the ritual would conform to their principles." "But all this is over now!" Perhaps the *Times* gives up hope too soon. After all, it was the squire who took the chair, and made five speeches to the BISHOP's two, and there is no reason to suppose that the "great gentlemen" who have contributed so liberally to the restoration are in any degree dissatisfied either with the pious efforts to beautify the church or to give the necessary dignity and impressiveness to the service. Common sense asks why, if these gentlemen do not like what has been done, they should have given their money so freely and cheerfully. But this is not one of the *Times*'s days for common sense. It is in one of its visionary, transcendental moods, and sees in "the long procession of clergy in surplices from the Vicarage" a meaning as ominous as MACBETH found in the procession of BANQUO's issue.

It is really difficult to understand how it could enter into the mind of any rational person that the re-opening of a parish church, which has been restored by the voluntary contributions of pious neighbours, could afford a fitting scene for an indecent renewal of old quarrels and misunderstandings. Nothing, indeed, could be more typical of the sort of vindictive bitterness with which the recent agitation, which Mr. DISRAELI unfortunately allowed himself in the heat of a hasty moment to echo too closely, than this lament of the *Times* that the peace and charity of a friendly gathering with a religious object should not have been violently disturbed by a wanton and unprovoked attack on a large and honourable body in the Church. What has perhaps alarmed the *Times* more than anything else may have been to find the great champion of Protestant rights, Sir W. HARCOURT, dwelling in such sympathetic communion with the recreant PREMIER, and even carrying that imitation which is the sincerest flattery to the extent of trying to adopt his senior's vein of genial trifling and avoidance of anything to ruffle the harmony of the company. If Sir WILLIAM seemed not altogether at ease in this attempt, an excuse may perhaps be found in its comparative novelty; but nothing can be more unjust than to suppose that either he or Mr. DISRAELI were capable of attending such a gathering, as the *Times* evidently thinks they ought to have done, with a settled design of making mischief.

#### NATURALNESS OF CHARACTER.

WHEN we attribute naturalness to a character, we mean it for praise of no common order; it is intended as a distinction where it is deliberately given; and, in fact, we do not commonly award it unless the qualities and habits of the mind which reveals its workings to us are engaging, and such as secure our sympathies. Plenty of people are transparent—we can read their motives at a glance—whom yet we do not call natural, either because what nature reveals is not to our mind, or because there is nothing distinctive or forcible enough to attract our notice. Naturalness of character, to be praised at all, must be superadded praise. Nor is it a quality to be consciously aimed at; we must lay ourselves out to be honest and true, but naturalness, as a characteristic, is not to be got by striving after. It is a gift as well as a grace; a gift, we might almost add, of fortune. For are not the people we single out as examples favoured persons, favoured in circumstances? was not their youth a happy one? were they not, as children, tenderly treated, considered, listened to, encouraged to express their thoughts, driven to no subterfuges, rarely snubbed, set down, or disparaged? have they not a charm in their candour, beyond the candour itself, derived from a well-founded reliance that whatever they say will be well taken? In fact, those whom we thus distinguish among our acquaintance have escaped the dangers incident to prosperity, which in inferior minds are fatal to simplicity of character.

Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they are not single-minded. Beauties are aware that they are handsome; clever people are in the way of showing themselves to advantage, however little their subject lends itself to these considerations. The natural character is not by any means blind to its good points, nor ashamed to own them; it is not bashful, but the thing under discussion is *bona fide* the subject of thought; it has no feigned interests, no ministering to self-love by indirect means. Naturalness is the gift of unconsciousness, of doing things without thinking or knowing how you do them; and perhaps we should add, doing them well. Under the charm of such a spirit we feel a sense of liberty and expansion; we breathe a purer air. One natural person makes many, and inspires a confidence in human nature. And how straightforward intercourse becomes under these conditions! Thus thinking, thus influencing, Miranda could say, "I'll be your wife if you will marry me"—though she presents a signal instance of the circumstances that form the charmingly natural character. Prospero's darling could have had no experience of flouting or discouragement. Half the rules of social intercourse are accepted by us all on the latent understanding that men are not single-minded enough to dispense with checks upon design and hidden motive, that spontaneous action of thought and tongue would lead to awkward results. Selfishness and vanity would grow intolerable without them. But neither selfishness nor vanity is a necessary cause of the artificial as opposed to the natural manner; timidity and subservience are enough in themselves. Every one whom we distinguish as natural has independence of mind. The judgment may not be correct, or founded on the wisest grounds, but it is what it professes to be, the man's own opinion. No secret unacknowledged influences are at work. Hence no one can be natural without strength of character; and every one is natural when the occasion drives him out of the familiar appeal to some external authority and throws him on his innermost conviction. Mere independence of mind implies a courage and self-reliance which often strikes the looker-on as heroic. We suppose that typically natural persons either expect to carry others with them—and they are sanguine both from temperament and favouring circumstances—or they are indifferent to hostile opinion. We do not doubt that Sir Thomas Coventry, who, as Clarendon tells us, "with a plain way of speaking and delivery, without much ornament of elocution, had a strange power of making himself believed," was a natural character. What is more persuasive than to see a man possessed by his own arguments? To hold a view and to be confident of being able to put it in a convincing form makes all people natural for the time being. And independence of mind implies in itself something that may be called originality. The natural character is active and fresh in its modes of working; keenly alive to the question whether the thought that occupies it is its own or derived from without—a point of perception to which so many are unequal—and confident of sympathy and appreciation.

No one owns to being less natural than his neighbour; it is a matter to be considered through observation, not self-study; to resolve to be natural would be like breathing by rule. What then are the points that interfere with natural manner? Of course a defective or pedantic or narrow education is a conspicuous cause. All education but the best aims at reducing its subjects to a level, and a level is flatness. Every age has its educational system at war with nature, substituting for it conventional proprieties; as it was forbidden to the fine lady of the middle ages to laugh, a rule enforced in the last century by Lord Chesterfield. Such conflict with nature is not wholly without reason, for the majority of men cannot afford to dispense with the safeguard of reference to a standard. Fine people dare not be natural, for fear of losing consequence by it; and their inferiors imitate the affectations of their betters in the hope of attaining to their level. Not that the reverse of nature should necessarily be described as affectation. Most men prefer to adopt the tone of other people, and to keep their more particular selves for home or special occasions. The dulness of society is owing to this selection of times and seasons for the man to be himself. The dulness of most intercourse between different classes is especially due to the suppression of nature on both sides. The moment that a man shows his real self, the fog of dulness disperses. The ideal natural character shows us this spectacle in the most unexpected circumstances, in the very arenas of prescription and convention. In the House, in the pulpit, at the bar, at the hustings, in the stateliest ceremonial, in contact with the rabble, in excitement, in depression, we detect no disguise, and in proportion to the vigour of this self-manifestation the man breathes into others the same spirit of frank enlargement from the bonds of custom. Naturalness in any character removes our fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, mounting, we have sometimes seen, into enthusiasm. And it is a point on which all men are judges, whether they know it or not. Nobody can deceive us long, or be delightfully natural by fits or starts or to serve a purpose; it is of the substance of a character; it is ingrained. And the charm and sweetness of the natural manner lies in the witness being the sole



appreciator of the quality in full play before him. Thus, like modesty, naturalness is not a grace for which people ought to be praised to their faces. In fact, to recognize it is to disturb it, if not to change it to its opposite. Nor should children ever be taught to be natural, or hear the word used in relation to themselves. The affectation of nature is the worst and most offensive form of the artificial. We might almost say that nobody ought to know whether he is natural or not; certainly it would not be those most clear as to their own claim who would gain the general suffrage.

Novelists revel in the delineation of affectation, but the really natural character is to be found only in our masterpieces of fiction, and those probably so masked by other characteristics that the charm may be felt rather than recognized. It is observable that our play-writers make all their characters equally candid and transparent, bad as well as good. In the old comedies people are never ashamed of showing themselves just as they are; the working of their minds is no secret, their worst motives are above-board. Where all is artificial, this is the trait most at variance with experience. The depraved may be brutal, but can scarcely be natural.

It may certainly be said of some people that affectation is their nature; nobody has ever seen them without it; they are incorrigible from native incompetence; they have no standard apart from the people about them, or the images which a feeble fancy constructs out of books. They can change their model, but they do not know what it is to be themselves; they cannot grasp things firmly, or hold opinions definitely enough to be natural. Again, affectation of speech, gesture, or manner is often the result of mere idleness and indifference. Self-interest or feeling shakes men into naturalness, but we must live with people, or be indebted to some rare chance, to know the effect upon them either of important business or strong emotion. In fact, it implies considerable vigour to be strictly and emphatically ourselves on every occasion, small as well as great. Hence, in the search among our acquaintance for cases in point, it is no reflection on them that these cases are not numerous. Our friends have all some distinctive merit, if we set ourselves to look for it; but the quality we mean, regarded as one to strike observers and form a characteristic, is very rare, needing at once strength and sweetness, courage and candour, for its fitting development, and along with these a necessity for free expression. A reserved temper has nothing akin to affectation; yet it will effectually exclude its owner from such a definition, because it can seldom be stimulated into effusion, and, if betrayed into it, is painfully conscious of self-exposure. The natural character is not given to such regrets, however strict and keen-sighted the conscience. Nor do we imagine it to be a severe judge in the matter of want of naturalness, and we should be surprised indeed to find it eloquent on that favourite subject of popular denunciation—shams. Perhaps this is mainly because it clears the air wherever it shows itself, and brings simplicity into fashion. In such company everybody is ashamed of secret ends, whether of display or self-interest, and risks, moreover, having his design unmasked in the contact.

There is a naturalness which is rather the result of circumstances than of character, charming as a contrast to an artificial state of society, but showing none of the independence which we have attributed to the ideal quality. Children are always supposed to be natural, and many young girls are "adorably" natural whom a few seasons change into another development altogether. The thing we mean sticks by its owner through all vicissitudes of time and fortune. Natural when a child, he is more transparent still in old age from a habit of self-trust. If we look into the formation and growth of such characters—and they are certain to excite our curiosity—we shall, as we have said, find them favoured at starting by at least a recognition of their powers. Dr. Johnson, whom we take to be a natural character; had to endure much, but his talents and even genius were recognized from infancy. The examples that come most readily to mind have had an early chance; there has been no drawback in themselves or their surroundings to free expansion. When we consider the hindrances to such genial development which are the common lot, we need not wonder that everybody is not natural after this pattern. With the majority the training of circumstances does not nicely harmonize with their nature, and they do not possess the temper and vigour to make it fit. With most persons the law of necessity is too strong for nature. A man is born with certain tendencies, and circumstances compel him to their contraries. Such a one does not know himself; too many things external to him alter and change him from what nature planned him, and from what he instinctively inclines to. He is neither what he feels himself nor what he appears to others to be. If this discrepancy is in any degree the general lot, the charm of a natural manner can be no common gift.

#### NOTES IN THE NORTH RIDING.

WE spoke casually a little time back of two remarkable spots in North-Eastern Yorkshire—namely, Kirkdale, precious alike to antiquaries and to paleontologists, and Lastingham, which, except so far as the geologist is at home everywhere, the antiquaries have, we believe, wholly to themselves. Certain it is that the idea which is first suggested by the name of Kirkdale is that of a cave full of hyenas, while the idea which is first suggested by the name of Lastingham is, what may pass in some sort for an artificial cave,

the crypt of the church. But the two stand as members—Lastingham perhaps as the furthest outpost—of a group of spots of singular and varied interest. A good day's ramble will take the traveller through many varieties of scenery, and through places whose antiquarian associations pretty well cover the whole field of British history. We may start from the Roman camp of Malton; we may go on among the hills through which the Conqueror struggled back with so much pain from his Northern conquests, by the great foundation of Walter of Espec, by the two places which the verse of the satirist has inseparably joined to the name of the second Duke of the house of Villiers, while Lastingham carries us back to the saints of Bæda, and Kirkdale in its church commemorates the days of the Confessor, and in its cave carries us back to days before the Briton himself. We are in a land of hills and streams, streams which make up that Derwent which flows by Stamfordbridge, hills which give us every variety of hill scenery, from the bleak moor of Lastingham to the wooded vale where the votaries of the religion of Cîteaux fixed themselves by that Rye which gives its name to Rievaulx. Some spots are richer in earlier, some in later, associations, but all have something to offer. Helmsley, which, and not the geographically impossible Hexham, was doubtless William's resting-place after his hard march through the Hambleton hills, forms a good centre for many places. The name of Helmsley must be familiar to many who never were there through the two famous lines of Pope, how

Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.

Lord Macaulay's readers know how "the once humble name of Duncombe" got transferred to the lands which had once been the reward of Fairfax; and students of local genealogy may know how the name passed, not only to the lands—the lands which the House of Commons proposed to confiscate as a punishment of their owner's fraud—but also to their later possessors. Now, if Brown chooses to call himself Duncombe, or if Duncombe insists that Brown shall call himself Duncombe, no great harm is done. But when the lands of Helmsley were made to take the name of Duncombe, a real wrong was done to geography. The student of local nomenclature, careless of pedigrees of yesterday, is indifferent alike to Browns and Duncombes; "Brown Park" would cause him no perplexity; but when he hears of "Duncombe Park" as the name of a place, he naturally asks, How came a *combe* in Yorkshire? The thing is a fraud on nomenclature as great as any of the frauds which the first Duncombe, "born to carry parcels and to sweep down a counting-house," contrived to commit on the treasury of the nation. It is as though a Kirby or a Thoresby should come down into the south and bring his name with him, and should so set inquirers wondering how a Danish "by" got into Sussex or Dorset. But, whether Duncombe or Helmsley, the castle is still there, and we may thank the fraudulent scrivener that he had at least the grace to build his palace away from the ancient castle and to leave it as castles may best be studied. Helmsley has at least escaped the fate of Alnwick. We may still trace the vast ditches, the keep, the work it well may be of Walter of Espec, the hero of the Standard, the Norman patron of English learning, and side by side with it the work of later times, the delight of the proud Buckingham. The castle is at Helmsley the main attraction; the church contains some original work of the twelfth century; but the greater part is modern Norman style, a style which always awakens a certain desire to laugh, and which awakens it the more strongly as the new work more closely imitates the old.

But Helmsley, besides its merits in itself, is the centre for many other places. From the castle of Walter of Espec we turn naturally to his abbey, to Rievaulx in its lovely valley, where in the transepts the work of the founder himself remains ingeniously preserved and adapted in the enlargement of the building in the next century. As we look down on the famous ruin from the terrace above, the strange departure from the common law of orientation, combined with the great size of the choir, may well lead the spectator astray at the first glimpse; he may easily take the main surviving part of the building for the western limb, instead of what it is, at least conventionally, the eastern limb. But it is less needful to dwell on a building so well known as Rievaulx than it is to point out the importance of two places which lie on the other side of Helmsley. First we reach Kirkdale, in the solitary *Kirk-dale* itself, watered by its *beck*, the good old English name which carries us far away to Normandy, to Herlwin, to Lanfranc, and to Anselm. The Hodgebeck joins its waters with those of a Dove less famous than its more southern namesake, the Dove which itself joins the Rye, and the Rye the Derwent, so that the waters which flow by perhaps the only stone which bears the graven name of Tostig find their path into the ocean by way of Stamfordbridge. There, in the little church standing apart from the dwelling-places of man, we find portions as precious in the eyes of the architectural antiquary as the neighbouring cave is in the eyes of the paleontologist. We have here a dated example of work of the moment when the newly introduced Norman style was displacing the earlier Romanesque forms common to England with all Western Europe. It is part of the same chain as Colsewgen's towers at Lincoln, but it is an earlier link. The Lincoln towers were built between 1068 and 1085. The inscription on each side of the sundial at Kirkdale tells us how Orm, the son of Gamel, bought St. Gregory's minster when it was "all tobroken and tofallen," and made it new from the ground in the days of Eadward the King and Tostig the Earl. The rebuilding of St. Gregory's minster—mark the use of the word "minster" here, as at Assendun, for the church

of the smallest scale, and which we can hardly conceive as maintaining more than a single priest—came between the years 1055 and 1065. Within those years Edward was busy in building his church at Westminster in the new style, and the influence of the new models made their way even to Kirkdale. Both in the west doorway—the doorway which the last describer of the church never saw, but which is duly recorded in Murray's Handbook—and in the chancel arch, the work, though very rude, is quite unlike the forms of primitive Romanesque, and shows a distinct, though not very successful, attempt to imitate the foreign forms which were creeping into use. This small, plain, and solitary church, in a feature which it takes some trouble to find when we have got there, is in fact a most important link in the progress of architecture in England. At Deerhurst—a church of far greater pretensions, but built earlier in the days of the Confessor—there is no approach to Norman work whatever. At Kirkdale the approach may be seen distinctly, though seen only in the very rudest form.

We pass from Kirkdale to Kirkby Moorside—both names alike taken from the church, and both therefore of comparatively late origin—that Kirkby Moorside where the best-known lord of Helmsley has been said, with a good deal of exaggeration, to have died “in the worst inn’s worst room.” Thence either of two roads, both of them leading over hill and dale, but one of them specially leading over many hills and dales, will lead to what is in some sort the most remarkable building of the neighbourhood—the strange, incongruous, unfinished, mutilated, disfigured, and yet in some sort stately, church of Lastingham. The place, deep in a hollow on the moorside, was a savage wilderness in the days of Ælæda. But for the church and the village which is gathered round it, it would be a wilderness, solitary, if not savage, still. With valleys bearing the attractive names of Ferndale and Rosedale on either side of it, Lastingham itself, though approached on every side from ground higher than itself, can hardly be called a dale. The air of the whole place is strange and un-English, and the un-English effect is increased by a tall cross on a height above the church and village, though the cross actually commemorates nothing more ancient than the beginning of the present reign. Yet the monument is not inappropriate, looking down as it does on one of the first spots where the cross was planted in this part of England. Within less than a generation from the day when Coifi led the way to the overthrow of the heathen temple at Godmundingham, Lastingham became the site of one of the earliest of Northumbrian monasteries, the seat of the holy Cedd, the brother of the more famous Ceadda of Lichfield. There he was buried, and there his memory is still preserved in local reverence. His well by the neighbouring stream has been repaired and adorned in quite modern times. But though the history of Lastingham thus carries us back four centuries earlier than the days when Orm rebuilt St. Gregory’s minster, the building itself does not carry us quite back to the days of Edward and Tostig. In Domesday Lastingham appears as having been held by Gamel, who can hardly be the father of the founder of Kirkdale, nor yet his son, who was slain by the intrigues of Tostig, but rather that other Gamel who avenged his blood by being one of the foremost in the revolt of Northumberland. From him it had passed to Berenger of Toesny, and of him it was held by the then newly-founded monastery of St. Mary at York. According to one story, Lastingham was actually for a while the dwelling-place of the brotherhood, on their road from Whitby to York. Then it was doubtless, in the days of the Conqueror, that there arose that tall apse, stately in its very plainness and sternness, whose outside displays its plainness and sternness untouched, but which within has been disfigured above all apses, above almost all buildings of any shape. How far human perversity, not without a certain kind of ingenuity, can go in the way of disfiguring a venerable building, no man fully knows till he has been to Lastingham. As a study of human nature, it is worth any one’s while to see how the apse of Lastingham has suffered within. From any other point of view it is better to shut one’s eyes within, and to study only the simple grandeur of the outside and of the crypt beneath, with its short and sturdy columns supplying a perfect study of capitals of the earlier Norman type. To make out exactly the history in the remainder of the building would almost need the gifts of a Willis. At first sight the stately apse of the eleventh century seems to have come into strange union with a commonplace parish church of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But, both within and without, it is easy to see signs that a large church, much longer and higher than the present one, was at least begun, but possibly never finished, about the end of the twelfth century. The piers and their arches are there, but the upper part is gone, or never was built, while there are piers and the beginnings of arches to the west of the present tower. To the exact nature of the process we will not commit ourselves, but it is certain that a church on a great scale was begun, but was either never finished, or else was strangely and recklessly mutilated, at a time long before the dissolution of monasteries gave the general signal for such mutilations. Not exactly in the same district, but still within easy reach of Helmsley, is another strange case of destruction, though wrought in this case at the usual time. The Priory church of Old Malton, approached by a pleasant walk from the Roman camp of New Malton, besides the usual loss of its monastic eastern portion, has had its nave in the like sort cut short both in height and length. But at Lastingham the west end, whatever it was, has utterly perished; while at Malton, though one of the twin towers is gone, there is enough to bear witness to the former

being a thirteenth-century front of a high order. Malton, in short, has a good deal to show both in the Roman and in the mediæval way; but it must not, any more than Brihtnoth’s Maldon far away, set itself up to be Camalodunum. The colony which plays so great a part in the earliest history of Roman Britain must be looked for nowhere but in the place which has been chosen for the next yearly meeting of the Archaeological Institute. If Colchester has not the long and stirring history of York or Exeter or Lincoln, it can boast, what they cannot, that its earliest annals were written by the pen of Tacitus himself.

#### CAB REFORM.

LONDON cabs are like servants—they are necessary evils. No matter how inefficient either may be, we cannot do without them. We accept them as we accept bad weather, dull sermons, red tape, or Trade-Unions—with resignation and much grumbling. Now and then somebody’s wrath is allowed to effervesce in a newspaper when there are not a sufficient number of murders, railway accidents, or shipwrecks to fill up its columns. Then follow shoals of incoherent letters. A great deal of nonsense is written and some of it is printed, but nothing is done. All the possible jokes on the subject of cabs have been made times without number, and are now unfit for further service. Periodical attempts have been made by hopeful and energetic people to mend matters. Prizes have been offered for good designs of street carriages; exhibitions have been held, and improvements patented. Strange-looking vehicles announcing themselves as “New Patent Safety” are to be seen every now and then perambulating the squares. They excite a certain amount of languid but incredulous curiosity. They do not look new; they do look rather unsafe; and it seems a pity that any one should have taken the trouble to patent such an ugly means of locomotion. They remain unique, or disappear from the scene humiliated that they have not been the means of regenerating cab-kind. No new pattern ever seems to commend itself for general use. No improvements have as yet been adopted. The noisy and draughty hansom and the slow and dirty four-wheeler manage to hold their own against all comers.

Some time ago a Company proposed to supply the public with small open carriages such as are to be found in the streets of almost every Continental capital. This would have been something to be grateful for during fine weather. Even in winter, when it is not raining, many people would prefer an open carriage to a hansom, as being less noisy and not so likely to give cold. But the project seems to have withered in the bud like so many which preceded it. Another attempt has lately been made towards attracting attention to the present disgraceful state of our cabs. An exhibition is being held at the Alexandra Palace under all sorts of distinguished patronage. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be represented, and Lord Shaftesbury has promised his aid. Prizes have been distributed to old horses, new cabs, and estimable cabmen. Under the last class there are sixty-six entries. We have not yet heard whether Mrs. Giacometti Progers was asked to award the orders of merit. Each cabman might be presented with a neatly illuminated text framed and glazed. “Take that thine is and go thy way” would not be inappropriate. No one seems to have suggested that a testimonial should be presented to any driver who is in the habit of telling his right fare when he is asked to do so by a man from country parts or by a foreigner not likely to know if he overcharges. Some enterprising exponent of Women’s Rights ought to have exhibited a neat little turn-out with a female driver. But no prize seems to be offered for anything of this description. It might however be a question whether driving ladies about to pay visits or to do their shopping would be a much more laborious way of making a livelihood than sweeping stairs or scrubbing out rooms. It would suit the taste of many people better. Perhaps some of the young women who are now employed as barmaids might find the occupation more respectable and less fatiguing than standing all day handing drink to half-tipsy men from whom they receive insolent compliments. It would be interesting to see on a stand a young woman of a literary turn making a report for one of the evening papers of a collision she had witnessed, or perhaps an exciting run over, or the discovery of Roman remains amongst the gaspises. There would be plenty of time to devote to composing poetry for the magazines and essays on human nature out of doors. A talent for drawing caricatures would be invaluable, as numberless droll situations would be constantly turning up. Should the young woman’s taste not be either literary or artistic, she might employ her leisure moments in working point lace and church embroidery, or in the more prosaic occupation of knitting stockings. A person of religious tendencies would have ample opportunities of giving away tracts, and might even do a little street-preaching occasionally. Altogether, there seems rather a fine opening for advanced young women who are not capable of being governesses or telegraph clerks, who object to ballet-dancing, and who do not wish to either starve or beg.

It appears that simultaneously with the present exhibition another new Company is to be started to attempt the reform of the present state of affairs. If noble patrons could command success, it would be well for the shareholders, if there are any. Two dukes, seventeen earls, thirty-two baronets, and any number of lords head the



list; and the Lord Mayor, a Monsignor, a celebrated surgeon, a popular preacher, and an eminent shipbuilder, add their names. Such a formidable array cannot fail to impress people who love fine names, and if there should chance to be one really clever and enterprising man with a talent for organization, and the equally important talent of getting his own way, the Company may have a chance of success. But this success, if obtained, will not be owing to the number of members of Parliament who patronize it, nor to the retired admirals who may like to see their names in print. The programme sets forth that "This Company is not formed for the profit or benefit of any individuals, but purely in the public interest." This gives one a delightful idea of the advanced stage to which public spirit has advanced in these latter days. A mild hint is thrown out elsewhere about possible profits of eight per cent. and shares at a high premium, but that is merely an aside, a quite unimportant point to such an aristocratic and philanthropic association. Their views are extensive and humane. They intend to give us good cabs without restriction to any particular model, and good horses to draw them. They propose to build dépôts for stabling on sanitary principles, and residences for the drivers, as well as free club-rooms where they can have their meals at any hour and at moderate charges. They intend to give an additional percentage to men who remain in their service and treat their horses carefully. They do not, however, touch upon the keystone of the whole project. What fares are to be charged? Can the Company make the legal tariff even cover expenses, not to speak of giving eight per cent. to shareholders? Under existing arrangements, people are made to feel shabby if they give a cabman only the proper fare. The men assert that, if they did not sometimes get more than they are actually entitled to, they could not make a livelihood. This in many cases may be quite possible, particularly during the autumn months. A man who pays sixteen shillings a day for his cab would legally have to go more than thirty miles before he began to make anything for himself. No doubt he would get a shilling for distances under two miles, and eighteenpence for some very little over that distance; he might also be taken part of the day by time; still he would not be employed without any break; he has to go to and from his stables, and often fails to pick up a return fare after having gone to a distant railway station. There is no doubt that it is the extra sixpences over the legal tariff that enable a cabman to make a profit out of his bargain with his master. This is an unsatisfactory state of things, and ought to be amended. If sixpence a mile is not enough to provide us with decent vehicles and horses which have the use of their legs, then let us pay more, or else let there be a regular "pourboire" added after the fare is paid; but it is ridiculous that a tariff should be elaborately fixed, and that it should be impossible for any one who wishes for a quiet life to stick to it. Hundreds of people go in omnibuses who would employ a cab if they were not almost sure of being abused if they gave the legal fare. Many people who detest the Underground Railway prefer to use it for the same reason. A lady going to pay a visit may not wish to give more than what she knows to be the correct fare. On the other hand, she does not find it agreeable to be abused at her friend's door, and asked ironically would she like to go a little further for the same money, while the servant looks on contemptuously from the hall. This the cabman well knows, and takes his measures accordingly; he can say many disagreeable things which do not put him in the power of the law. If the men only knew their own interest, they would take their fare with politeness and say "Thank you!" They would then much seldom crawl about the streets empty for hours. Now and then civil cabmen may be met with, but the only one we have encountered lately asked for a subscription to a Methodist chapel as he amiably pocketed his exact fare.

To a man who knows anything about horses, and is fond of them, a drive in a hansom cab is often a sad penance. Of four-wheeleders it is better to say nothing. He chooses from off a stand a nice well-bred-looking animal. There are many to be seen, particularly during the season, much too nice and delicate for their work. While one is getting into the cab the horse fidgets uneasily and looks round inquiringly to try to discover what he is expected to do next; he has already been forced to put his feet on the pavement and grate the wheel along the edge of the kerbstone. He is driven by so many different men, half of them either ignorant, drunk, or careless, that, though desirous of doing exactly what is required, he is always in a state of well-meaning perplexity which makes him do wrong and get punished for trying to use his intelligence. When ready to start, the driver, instead of loosening the reins and speaking to his horse, tightens them and gives him a sudden lash with his long whip, as a signal to move on. When the poor beast starts forward, he violently chucks him back, and gives him another lash for starting. This manoeuvre he probably repeats every time he is obliged to stop either in a crowded street or at a crossing. The poor animal is in that continual state of agitation which, according to popular prejudice, keeps him alive and prevents him from tripping. When the driver approaches his destination, instead of gradually slackening speed and quietly drawing up alongside the pavement, he seems to have forgotten where he was told to stop until nearly past the place. Then he appears to wake up suddenly from a dream and remember what was his destination. He gives a violent wrench to the reins, and checks the cab so as to give the unlucky passenger the sensation of being a pea in a rattle. The horse is all of a heap, with his fore and hind legs brought together, and trembling from the violent shake given by throwing him on

his haunches. Cabby looks proudly conscious of the feat he has performed in stopping his steed at full speed, and admires himself as an admirable whip. We almost expect him to kiss the tips of his fingers, as they do in a circus. He receives his fare with a scowl or a snarl if it is not too much, with sullen indifference if it is only a little too much; he never has any change; no cabman has yet been found who would acknowledge to the possession of sixpence. The fare paid, he gives the horse another lash, another chuck back, and so on until the poor beast is taken to his dirty and ill-ventilated stable. It is curious that people whose livelihood depends upon getting as much work as possible out of their horses are blind to the fact that worry fatigues them as much as work. One man will bring his horse in fresh after a ten miles' drive, whilst another will have him jaded before he has gone half the distance.

Whilst we are waiting for all the desirable reforms promised to us by enterprising members of Parliament, a few things might with advantage be improved in our present service. A uniform would add wonderfully to the respectable appearance of the men, some of whom now look as if they never took off their clothes, but, when the outside layer had fallen off bit by bit, got another ancient garment to replace it. Then a few pieces of felt or cork might be fastened on the rims of the glasses in hansom cabs where they touch. This would considerably deaden the rattling, and make it possible to speak and be heard. So long as the men work an unreasonable number of hours in the day, it is scarcely reasonable to expect them to be very civilized, or intelligent enough to know that honesty is the best policy, and politeness the way to secure custom. Something must be done to improve their condition before we have better cabs or contented drivers.

#### A FRISKY AQUARIUM.

IT has been remarked that there is seldom any good thing in the world which is not attended by some spurious imitation or caricature which trades on its popularity, mimics its usefulness, and discredits its character; and in these days science, like freedom, has certainly reason to complain of the strange things which are done in its name. It is the misfortune of science at the present moment to be in fashion, and hence the multitude of quacks and pretenders who seek to profit by affecting a relationship with it. A short time since a Company was started under the title of "The Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society," with a view, as was set forth, "to provide in the heart of London an Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden, and in connexion therewith to afford facilities generally for the promotion and encouragement of artistic, scientific, and musical tastes." An aquarium is now a recognized form of popular recreation, and no provincial town of the least pretensions considers itself complete without one; and it is natural, therefore, that London should also be provided with this newly discovered necessity of existence. As for the flourish about "artistic, scientific, and musical tastes," this has, since the genius of humbug at South Kensington brought it into fashion, become so much a stereotyped formula common to all classes of showmen that it would certainly have seemed strange if by any chance it had been omitted. As it is, we get it over and over again in the prospectus of the Aquarium Society. "The Council of Fellows," we are told, "comprises names well known in the Scientific, Artistic, and Fashionable World; and the Executive Committee will spare no pains to render the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden the favourite resort of the Scientific, Fashionable, and Artistic World," or, as must, we suppose, be meant, worlds, for they are hardly identical. Every sort of tea-garden entertainment is now paraded as an ennobling and refining agency of civilization, and people who go to drink beer and look at acrobats or fireworks are soled with the assurance that, instead of merely enjoying a vulgar, but innocent, amusement, they are engaged in scientific pursuits and the elevation of their moral and intellectual condition. A thoroughly good aquarium, strictly devoted to scientific instruction, would no doubt be a valuable addition to the museums of London; but it is easy to see that, in this instance, the fishes are intended only as an adjunct to a sort of music-hall and public promenade. Throughout the season, "flower-shows, fancy fêtes, bazaars, &c., will be organized in the central hall." A "picture and fine art gallery"—pictures not being fine art apparently—will be opened; and there will also be a reading-room and library, a skating-rink, and, last, not least, a capacious restaurant, and the usual profusion of drinking-bars. Afterwards, perhaps, we shall hear of a dry skittle-ground or a fat lady and industrious fleas. As this is to be the favourite resort of the scientific, fashionable, and artistic world, we are not surprised to find that the "attendants will be in livery, as at the principal West-End Clubs." Indeed the sham livery dodge is a very fitting symbol of the speculation. It borrows the buttons and facings of art and science in order to pass off its common wares and ordinary waiters. When the Royal Aquarium is open, it will no doubt be found to bear a very close resemblance to the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Park, only without the gardens, and to be neither more nor less scientific, artistic, or fashionable than its predecessors. It is impossible to suppose that a sincere enthusiasm for art or science in any real sense would tolerate the clap-trap expedients to which this Society is willing to resort in order to provide customers for its dining-rooms and refreshment-counters.

Even, however, though it should do little for science or art, and should fail to woo fashionable society from its present haunts, it may possibly serve a useful purpose in providing a comfortable lounge and place of innocent recreation. If the public-house of the future is to take this shape, it will not be entitled to rank as a scientific institution, but it will at least be a vast improvement on the public-house of the present day; and anything that tends to stimulate the human mind, however mildly, may be set down as a gain to the cause of temperance.

So far, therefore, this Royal Aquarium, though we must protest against the ridiculous pretensions with which it has been announced, may be a very good thing in a humble way. There is, however, one point upon which it appears that some uncomfortable apprehensions have arisen; and these apprehensions are not altogether removed by the explanations which have been given at one of those entertainments to the reporters and hangers-on of the press, which, we are sorry to see, are apparently becoming one of the regular forms of the "puff preliminary" in introducing speculative enterprises to public notice. It may be remembered how the hospitalities on board the Bessemer steamer were followed by glowing accounts in the newspapers of the complete success of a vessel which was soon found to be in every way a failure; and it is certainly surprising that respectable newspapers should lend themselves to such contrivances for influencing public opinion. In the present instance little more than the bare walls of the Aquarium are visible, but the guests at the banquet no doubt found a well-furnished table. Mr. Curzon, who proposed the toast of "Success to the Aquarium," said that he understood that to the other attractions of the institution it was proposed to add music and dancing, and that he trusted the threatened opposition to this proposal would be withdrawn. Mr. Curzon added that he was one of the Middlesex magistrates, and, as he would not be able to be present at the next sessions, he took that opportunity of expressing his strong approval of the scheme. Afterwards the Chairman, Mr. W. Robertson, also referred to this subject, and admitted, as "the acting representative of the institution," that "it was quite true that the Society had applied for two licences—one for music, the other for music and dancing." He disclaimed, however, on the part of the Directors, any intention of introducing "public dancing." All that had been in contemplation was to organize, for the benefit of the young folk at Christmas, "some form of entertainment in the afternoon, on the orchestral platform, which might, by chance, include dancing," but the Committee were quite willing to give up this part of their scheme if it caused offence. Mr. Robertson asked whether those who opposed the application could suppose that "the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the scientific, artistic, and literary world, and who formed the Council of Fellows, would have given their money to the project unless they were well assured that the institution was to be used as a means of intellectual enjoyment and educational advantage." It should be observed, however, that there has never been any mention of dancing in the published prospectuses of the Society. All that is said is, that "performances of an attractive kind will take place on stated days; at Christmas an entertainment will be provided specially acceptable to children and families." From what Mr. Robertson said, it may be gathered that this announcement referred, not to dancing by the public, but to something in the nature of a pantomime or ballet to be performed by professional dancers. Even this, however, goes far beyond the language of the prospectus, and can hardly fail to astonish some of the noblemen and gentlemen who have allowed their names to appear on the list of Fellows. It is unnecessary to suppose that in doing so they had any very serious belief in the high intellectual and artistic character of the amusements to be provided, or meant more than that they saw no harm in the thing; but at least they had no warning that theatrical dancing was to occupy a prominent place in the advancement of science and art, and the general intellectual elevation of the human mind. The Directors now say that they do not insist on this, and we should think that they can have very little hope of a licence for such a purpose being conceded by the magistrates. But the fact that they ever thought of such a thing is a sufficient commentary on the high moral purpose of the enterprise. The sort of combination of music-hall and refreshment-room which is projected is a perfectly legitimate undertaking, and there is no reason to be ashamed of it. Only it should be brought forward in its true colours; and it is certainly very hard on science that it should be dragged in to father it. It may be that the Directors have never contemplated anything beyond the sort of ballet to which they confess; but even this would in itself have the effect of converting the so-called scientific institution into a theatre. Besides, it may be asked, what security would there be, if a licence for dancing were granted, that it would not be used for other purposes not yet avowed? If there were to be ballets for children, there would probably be ballets for grown-up people, and it might then be thought that the audience might as well avail itself of the liberty accorded to the performers.

We do not mean to suggest that dancing ought not, under any circumstances, to be permitted in connexion with an aquarium—that is a question for the magistrates—but only that, when such an application is made, the institution which makes it should be known for what it is. The policy of the Directors appears to be to establish a place of public resort similar to a music-hall or public promenade, and as such it should be judged. No pretence of a desire to promote science or art ought to be accepted as a ground for conceding privileges which would otherwise be denied. If a dancing

licence is granted to a place of this kind in the heart of the town, it is difficult to see why it should be refused to a suburban Cremorne or any similar place of entertainment. The Directors of the Royal Aquarium are no doubt very big in their present professions, but it will be safer not to trust to these too much until they have been put to the test. The prospectus of the Society is at least candid enough in owning the object of its establishment—to serve as "the medium of a safe and profitable investment"—and it is possible that pecuniary temptations may override artistic, scientific, and even fashionable, considerations.

#### DO THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE?

ORDINARILY, tourists or even residents abroad know, happily for themselves, little of the administration of the laws of the countries in which they find themselves. The nuisance of passports has been largely mitigated, and if people get into trouble at the custom-houses it is often their own fault. But every now and then a case occurs of hardship without remedy which may remind us that, although our climate is treacherous, and our cookery detestable, we enjoy some compensation in security from arbitrary arrest and outrage. Our police have large powers, but they are required to exercise them discreetly, and our courts are always open for redress of grievances. Those who set the police in motion against us without reasonable cause may be made to pay damages, and the police who move may be brought under censure of the judges. A constable cannot legally take a person into custody on a charge of felony made by another person if the charge rests on no reasonable foundation; and therefore where, on the statement made to the constable, it ought to have appeared from lapse of time and other circumstances doubtful whether a felony had been committed, and that there was no reason for suspecting the person charged, the arrest was held unjustified. In a case in which the law was thus laid down an action was brought against a constable, and 5*l.* damages recovered; and although it might not be generally a profitable speculation to sue a policeman, yet this case and others show clearly what the law is, and our authorities would be expected to teach policemen to observe it. There are, or were, some instructions issued by the Home Office to policemen, to the effect that "a constable must arrest any one whom another charges positively with having committed a felony, or whom another suspects of having committed a felony, if the suspicion appear to the constable to be well founded, and provided the person so suspecting goes with the constable." A policeman provided with these instructions arrested a man on a charge of stealing harness. A travelling showman had seen this man, who was a master butcher, at a fair in possession of certain harness, and had thereupon told the policeman that it was harness which had been stolen from him the year before, and directed him to take the man into custody. Thus far the case is typical of many. A man who has lost or perhaps been robbed of property easily persuades himself that he recognizes it in the possession of another, and he assumes that the criminal law may be used freely for its recovery. When he required the policeman to make the arrest, we may believe that he thought more of getting back his harness than of punishing crime, and it is the duty of policemen to be on their guard in receiving directions of this nature. In the present case the policeman, who had known this butcher for twenty years, and had once got him convicted for short weight, went to him and told him the charge, and asked him where he got the harness, to which the butcher answered that he had bought it for a shilling from a man he did not know. Upon this the policeman took him into custody. It was not disputed that the policeman acted honestly, but nevertheless a jury found a verdict against him, and the Court sustained it on the ground that the arrest was unjustifiable. If, said one of the Judges, a man comes to a constable, and charges another person *simpliciter* with felony, the constable would be justified in acting on the charge; but if there are circumstances in the case, as stated or known to him, which show that the charge is unreasonable, the constable ought not to act. In the case before the Court, the harness was used openly, the butcher kept a shop, and the complainant was travelling about the country, and very likely to have lost his harness, and there had been the lapse of a year since the loss. It was true that the butcher had said he bought the harness of a stranger for 1*s.*, which is the common story of prisoners charged with theft, and the same Judge admitted that this might fairly be considered by the constable as some circumstance of suspicion. There was also the fact that the butcher had been convicted of using false weights, which it is likely the policeman thought important, but one of the Judges said that had no bearing on a suspicion of felony. There is, said this Judge, no standard or fixed rule as to what is reasonable which can be laid down as applicable to all cases. The charge may be reasonable or unreasonable with reference to the circumstances and to the character of the party making it. While, on the one hand, a constable ought to be protected in the execution of his duties, on the other hand he ought to be guided by ordinary reason, care, and caution.

We take this to be not only a declaration of English law, but also an exposition of principles which ought to be the basis of law in all countries pretending to be civilized. If a policeman is bound to see that a charge is reasonable before making an arrest, it seems to follow that he is also bound to act reasonably and moderately in making the arrest and in dealing with his prisoner, and these rules would, we might think, be specially incumbent on superior officers



to whom ordinary policemen look for guidance. We should suppose that the police of Paris recognize some such rules in theory, but we have lately had an opportunity of learning that in practice they disregard them. It appears that on the 13th ult. Mr. Francis Robins left Montrouge with his wife and two children, the eldest of whom is only two years old, by an omnibus which plies between Montrouge and the Place St. Michel, and corresponding with another line of omnibuses going to the Boulevard Montmartre. Mr. Robins was seated in the omnibus between his wife and an elderly Frenchwoman, Mme. Besse, described as belonging to the lower middle class of society, and the two children were on their parents' knees. At the Place St. Michel the passengers got down, and proceeded to the *salle d'attente* to wait for the Montmartre omnibus. Here Mme. Besse exclaimed, "I have lost my purse," and, turning to Mr. Robins, she said, "You have taken it." We derive this statement from the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, and as he has evidently derived it, at least in part, from Mr. Robins, we may assume it, as against that gentleman, to be accurate. We may say, therefore, that Mr. Robins acted indiscreetly in appealing to the police, and his example ought to operate as a wholesome warning to other Englishmen in France. He was naturally, but unwisely, very angry; he said to Mme. Besse, "We shall see about that," and going to the door he called to a *sergent de ville*, and said, "This woman accuses me of robbing her." We are told that the police agent at first refused to interfere, saying it was not his affair, but hearing the loud denunciations of the woman, he summoned a brother officer, and notwithstanding Mr. Robins's protests, took him, his wife, and children into custody, and marched them through the streets to the nearest Commissaire de Police. Here Mr. Robins produced his card and a letter which might have afforded presumptive evidence of his respectability. It is stated that he was formerly an officer of the 60th Rifles and he was evidently an Englishman. The Commissaire ordered him and his wife to be searched, and this order was as completely executed as if the police officers really believed they had two accomplished pickpockets before them. He was then minutely interrogated, and then conducted back to the Omnibus Office in the Place St. Michel, when the omnibus was thoroughly searched, but without result. On returning to the police station Mr. Robins found that Mme. Besse had departed after her name and address had been taken. The police then proceeded to search the two children, and the Commissaire remarked to Mr. Robins that his nation supplied most of the *filous* in Paris. He was then bound over to appear when called upon, and dismissed. Complaint was made on his behalf by the British Embassy, and the Prefect of Police has requested the Commissaire not to be so brusque in future to foreigners, and that is all. As the result of diplomatic intervention, it may be not very confidently hoped that the police of Paris will not, when an Englishman next comes under their notice, assume that he is necessarily a thief.

We began these remarks by taking the first reported case that offered, and showing from it how our courts have been long accustomed to review the conduct of police officers. It seems fair to expect at least as much from a commissaire or superintendent as from an ordinary policeman, and we are sure that if a Frenchman or other foreigner complained of the conduct of our police, he would have the full benefit of the principles which were invoked in the butcher's case. Indeed, the readiness with which cases are taken up by attorneys against the police and those who instruct them leaves little to be desired. A commissaire may be compared either to a magistrate or a superintendent of police, and either would be worth powder and shot. As regards an ordinary policeman, there would be complaint to his superiors, and if they did not take proper notice of his conduct, there would be letters in the newspapers, and if Parliament were sitting, a question in the House of Commons. Even assuming that the arrest of Mr. Robins by the *sergent de ville* on the complaint of Mme. Besse was justifiable on the principle of throwing the responsibility on the complainant, the Commissaire, when the case came before him, was surely bound to exercise some of that "ordinary reason, care, and caution" which our judges require in all officers of police. He could not have served in the police of Paris without learning something of the manners and appearance of the English, and if he considered the matter at all, he could hardly have avoided the conclusion that Mr. Robins was what he represented himself to be. We are reminded of Sir Walter Scott's favourite story of a countryman who had been in some way accessory to the death or maiming of an Englishman, and consoled himself with the remark that there was "mair tint" at Flodden. "You pretend," says the Commissaire, "to have the feelings of a gentleman, and to be hurt at seeing your infant children searched, but Paris knows that many of your countrymen are rogues." This conduct was something like that of a chief constable in England, who, finding a prisoner in a cell, heard the report of a constable on the case, and without inquiring into the facts, handcuffed the prisoner, and took him before the magistrates, who dismissed the charge. An action was brought against the chief constable, and he had to pay 10*l.* damages. This case also came before one of the superior Courts, and the Judges said that the chief constable chose to act without making any inquiries, and had conducted himself with great harshness, which always ought to be reprobated. Suppose that the arrest of Mr. Robins on the complaint of Mme. Besse had been made in London, and that the police had said to themselves, This prisoner has a military aspect and is very angry, and therefore we apprehend

violence, and shall proceed to handcuff him. They would have been told by the Courts that such a degree of violence and restraint cannot be justified by a constable unless he makes it appear that there are good special reasons for resorting to it. Suppose, again, that the police had chosen to imagine that Mr. Robins was a particularly clever member of the swell mob, and had a female confederate more artful than himself, and two children whom he used as blinds, and therefore the proper thing to do was to seize the lot and search them all from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet without delay. They would have been informed that this sort of vain imagining was not such reasonable ground of action as police officers are expected to proceed upon. Such are the rules which prevail in England, and it would not be very extravagant to expect that they would also be adopted in France. It appears, however, that if Englishmen in any way come into contact with the law of that country or its officers, they are likely to get the worse of the encounter. Mr. Robins seems to have begun by thinking that he had something of a grievance, and he invoked the aid of a *sergent de ville*, who forthwith took him into custody. In some Eastern countries, if a crime is alleged to have been committed, the complainant, defendant, and witnesses are all chained in one gang, and marched through the country to the seat of justice. The effect of course is, that nobody who knows anything about a breach of the law ever willingly says a word either as complaint or testimony. We should recommend our countrymen in France to imitate this prudent reticence, for if they begin by making a complaint, they may perhaps finish by being themselves treated as offenders.

#### PENNY LESSONS IN DEPRAVITY.

THERE is perhaps no subject which has occupied so much of the public attention, both in and out of Parliament, during the last thirty years, as that of education, and especially of primary education. Till a comparatively recent date the State had recognized no duty in the matter, and what little was done was accomplished by voluntary effort; but the great majority of the poor, as might have been expected under the circumstances, lived and died in blissful ignorance of "the three R's," and too often, it is to be feared, of much else which "a Christian ought to know and believe." It had come to be practically assumed that reading and writing were part of the education of a gentleman, and most people who thought at all upon the subject considered, as some old-fashioned people may still be found to maintain, that the general diffusion of such accomplishments was not only unnecessary, but undesirable, if not positively mischievous. Gradually, however, a different feeling grew up, partly stimulated by the example of foreign countries, especially of France and Germany, partly by the increasing earnestness of tone in modern society, partly by a conviction, which experience has not altogether justified, of the intimate connexion between ignorance and crime. And here it is only fair to acknowledge that great credit is due to the clergy of the Church of England for taking the lead in the new movement, and devoting to it an expenditure of time, labour, and material resources, wholly disproportionate both to their own means and to the contributions of the rest of the community to the same object. For awhile the State contented itself with encouraging and partially directing these voluntary efforts; but it eventually took the matter into its own hands, and now appears to run some risk of superseding them altogether. We are not, however, going to enter here on the controversy between School Boards and voluntary schools, or even to touch, except quite incidentally, on the wider question of the religious difficulty. What we wish to point out is that, in their eagerness to secure and even enforce the universal attainment of a certain standard of education, or rather of elementary knowledge, our educational reformers seem almost to have lost sight of the further, but not immaterial, question of what use children are likely to make of this knowledge when they have it. Nor can it be said that this is a matter with which the educator has no concern, inasmuch as the use a child makes of his teaching will always depend very much on how and what he has been taught. There is much truth in the popular notion that ignorance is the mother of vice; but it is certainly not true that a mastery of the alphabet and the multiplication table will suffice in itself to create habits of virtue, and it may lead—as will appear more fully presently—to just the opposite result. Knowledge, of whatever sort, is power, in the sense that it supplies new facilities of action; but it is a power which, like wealth or bodily strength, may be either used or misused, and its mere possession is no guarantee for its being used aright. It is not very often that we have the good fortune to agree with Cardinal Manning, but some remarks which he is reported to have made the other day at Deptford about secular knowledge will serve to illustrate our meaning. He observed that instruction of this kind could not by itself be properly called education, which must include the enlightening of the child's mind with Christian faith, enlarging his heart with love of his neighbour, and cultivating his conscience by the law of God. In other words, mere instruction without any moral and religious element is not really education. And, so far from tending to the diminution of crime, it may, and most likely will, directly multiply and promote it.

These remarks have been immediately suggested by a case, which unfortunately is very far from being an isolated one, re-

recorded in the police reports of last Monday's papers. A youth aged fifteen, named James Edward Seymour, was charged before Alderman Knight and Alderman Carter with stealing 3s. 3d. and two pocket-knives from Mr. Hawtin's shop in Paternoster Row. It appears that there was a circular opening between the cellar of Mr. Hawtin's and the adjoining house, where James Seymour was employed as an errand boy, through which he had crept in the early morning, and the detectives caught him in the very act of rifling the desk on the counter. Besides the stolen goods, there were found on his person two pipes and "a volume of the trashy literature of the day," with the seductive title of *Blueskin; a Romance*. The boy's father gave him an excellent character, and said he had often at school been entrusted with bags of ready cash, from which nothing had ever been missed, and he could only account for the theft by his having seen the money lying about, and being actuated by a sudden temptation—an explanation not only inadequate, but obviously inconsistent with the facts of the case. Alderman Knight at once suggested what is evidently the true account of the matter. "He could tell them it was through reading the trashy literature found upon him. No doubt the boy thought he would emulate Jack Sheppard by getting through a hole"—an estimate of his conduct which is confirmed, if any confirmation is needed, by the interesting circumstance that one of "Joe Blueskin's" most daring burglaries is effected by cutting circular holes in the wall of the house to be entered and robbed. Alderman Knight added the expression of his desire—in which many persons will heartily concur—that magistrates had the power of suppressing literature of this kind. The prisoner, in consideration of his youth and the temptation thus presented to him, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour. A good flogging, we are inclined to think, would have been at least equally effective, without involving the risk of exposing him to further temptation. But meanwhile it is of the "literature" with which James Seymour had beguiled his leisure hours that we chiefly wish to speak. Perhaps our readers may like to hear something of this entertaining and edifying work, which has already, it seems, reached its ninety-second weekly number, and is richly illustrated with woodcuts, representing the most select and exciting varieties of youthful vice and crime. The author, who modestly withholds his name, was already favourably known to the juvenile reading public by his previous publications of *Black Bess; or, the Knight of the Road*, *The Highwayman*, and others of the same type. The present work, like those which have preceded it, is filled with a rapid succession of the most revolting scenes of murder, theft, and depravity of every kind, rendered still more piquant, as we have said, by copious illustrations. And it must not for a moment be imagined that the author of *Blueskin* has any monopoly in the production of these "Penny Dreadfuls." Tales of the kind are issued and bought up by thousands and hundreds of thousands every week, and have again and again been found in possession of boy burglars like James Seymour, to whose worst tastes they are strikingly adapted, ringing the changes for the most part on deeds of brutal violence or hideous obscenity. Two or three years ago a writer who had made the subject his special study gave some account of them in one of the monthlies, but for obvious reasons he was obliged to confine himself pretty much to generalities. Those who wish for more detailed information can easily procure it for themselves.

Now it is of course clear on the face of it that, if young Seymour had never learnt to read, he could not have read *Blueskin*. This does not prove that learning to read is a bad thing, but it shows that a good deal depends on what use is made of the knowledge. It was the Duke of Wellington, if we remember rightly, who said that "education without religion only makes clever devils," and there can be no doubt that it largely extends the opportunities of those who are diabolically disposed. To teach the young idea to shoot may be an excellent thing; but when it takes the form of teaching the youth how to shoot his neighbours, the advantage of the process is not unmixed. There was a case not many years ago of two boys, about Master Seymour's age, who were detected in the attempt to shoot an old woman left in charge of the premises they were about to rifle; and they too were credited by their father with a good character, but had debauched their minds by a similar course of entertaining and useful knowledge. It is most desirable, as Alderman Knight suggested, that literature of this sort should be suppressed, but mere suppression, even if it could be complete, which is of course impossible, would not reach to the root of the evil. Boys who can read are pretty sure to read something or other, and unless wholesome food is provided for them, and their capacities for appreciating it are sufficiently cultivated, they will devour such garbage of the *Blueskin* kind as falls in their way. The old ladies who still declaim against the danger of over-educating the lower classes, and who exult in an illiterate housemaid, if they can find one, as a priceless treasure, have something to say for themselves after all. But it is much too late in the day to complain that the schoolmaster is abroad, even if such complaints were otherwise reasonable. The education of the masses, supposing it for argument's sake to be a mistake, must be accepted as a fact; the point is to secure its being a real education of the mind and character, and not a mere sharpening of the intellect. The old-fashioned counsel about training up a child in the way that he should go is by no means obsolete, and boys are generally found to repay the care bestowed upon their training by those who have sufficient interest in boy nature and sufficient comprehension of it to set the right way to work. We are far indeed from agree-

ing with the Judge who announced the other day that the increasing crimes of brutality, for which Mr. Cross has so elaborately neglected to provide any fresh remedy, must be left to the slow correction of an advancing popular culture. But while the sacredness of person and property is sternly vindicated by the law, it is to an improved education—in the only true and adequate sense of the word—that we must look for the diffusion of a better spirit; and that education requires to be supplemented by the creation of a healthy light literature for the young, which may rival the attractions, while it reverses the moral influence, of *Black Bess* and *Blueskin*. We have "Penny Dreadfuls" and penny tracts by the score and the hundred, but of penny tales for boys which shall be both readable and religious—not in the sense of being crammed with preachments, which would make them unreadable, or at least unread, but in the sense of leaving a moral and religious impression on the reader's mind, instead of the reverse—there is a lamentable want. It is not every one who can write such books, and the task is an unambitious one; but those who have the capacity and would take the trouble to use it would reap an abundant harvest, not perhaps in brilliant reputation or solid cash, but in the very substantial benefit conferred on the class from which our youthful criminals are recruited, and through them on the social body generally.

#### A WORKING MODEL OF CO-OPERATION.

THE collapse of the Co-operative Engine Works at Ouseburn does not prove that co-operation is impracticable; but it is an instructive illustration of the difficulties which have to be encountered by those who attempt this method of doing business. There is a prevalent delusion among working-men that it is possible to make certain artificial arrangements by which an equitable division of profits can be ensured to the satisfaction of everybody; but it is found that, after all, human nature works in its own way. It is evident that, if the co-operative system could be carried out, it would remove a great many of the difficulties which at present affect the relations between labour and capital. When the same person is at once capitalist and labourer, he should have no difficulty in keeping one-half of himself on good terms with the other; and a standard of wages would thus be set up which would practically rule the market. Experience, however, has shown that this plan is not quite so simple and easy in its operation as it seems. There are two principal difficulties which have to be met. The first is to get a managing mind on the terms which the co-operatives are willing to offer; and the next is to keep up the double character of workman and shareholder. The manager gradually passes into the position of a master, and, on the other hand, workmen have a tendency to let their shares slip. It is worth while to study this matter by the light of the actual experiences of the Ouseburn Company.

The Ouseburn Engine Works Company (Limited) sprang from the nine hours' movement among the Northern engineers. It bought up an existing business, with a view to developing it on the co-operative principle. It was a fundamental rule of the Society that, though shares might be held by persons who were not workmen, every workman on the establishment must be a shareholder. If a workman had no money, he had to leave a certain proportion of his wages as a deposit in the hands of the Company until he had accumulated the price of a share. In cases of sickness or removal the deposit might be withdrawn; but for misconduct, such as leaving without due notice, it was forfeited. At the outset, trade was pretty brisk, the project was attractive, and the Company had a fair start. It employed about five hundred men and boys, and at first made and repaired engines—marine, locomotive, and stationary—and afterwards took up boilers, steam-hammers, and other branches of machine work. Orders poured in from all sides, and there seemed to be every prospect of a prosperous career. Unfortunately, the seeds of ruin were already sown. In its eagerness to do business, and in some degree perhaps from ignorance and inexperience, the Company took a number of contracts at rates which were found to be quite unremunerative; the less in one case, where engines of 150 nominal horse-power had been quoted as 120, being as much as 25,000*l.* Then the cost of coal and iron rose, and the Company was exposed to the difficulties which, it is but fair to remember, have proved fatal to many other concerns. Another trouble came upon it in the form of internal disorders. Some of the hands objected to keep up their deposits for shares, and the manager and foreman, upon inquiry, were led to the conclusion that the system of deposit somehow increased the cost of production. It is not explained precisely how this happened, but it would of course be easier to carry on a Co-operative Company if capital were not an element in the business which must in one shape or another be paid for. Money had also been borrowed, and there were various obligations pressing on the Company. Worst of all, however, was the domestic strife. At the beginning of the last financial year, the Chairman tells us, "though we had old contracts to finish, and new contracts could only be booked at a great reduction in price, the workmen insisted upon a rise of 10 per cent. in the rate of wages, which we were wholly powerless to avert." That is to say, the workmen, being their own masters, resolved, after Jack Cade's fashion, that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that their profits should be raised, not by earning more money, but by simply helping themselves to what they wanted out of the cash in hand. It is needless



to say that such a state of things implied certain and speedy ruin. It had in the beginning been providently arranged that all disputes should be settled by a court of arbitration of seven persons, three to be chosen by the workmen; but this did not prevent troublesome and costly legal proceedings. The Directors, in one of their Reports, complain that "in more than one instance we have unwillingly been dragged into the law courts in defence of our fundamental principle that every workman should be a member, and that when men reap the profits of capital they should bear the risks."

The Chairman, although he admits that the shareholding system has broken down, is disposed to attribute the unfortunate condition of the Company to external foes. "Every effort," he says, "has been made to damage our credit and destroy our reputation. Our opponents have left no stone unturned to accomplish our ruin." To an impartial observer, however, it is clear enough that the Company carried in its own breast the seeds of decay. The men wanted to enjoy the profits of capitalists in prosperous days, without sharing the losses which befell when trade was bad. It was to be all "heads, I win; tails, you lose;" and, whatever the condition of the market, wages were to be just what the men chose to fix. The working-man element threw over the capitalist element entirely; and the cost of production consequently increased beyond any possibility of a return. In speaking of the losses of the Company the Chairman says:—"We have lost 9,400*l.* upon seventeen contracts, which were booked at prices that could never pay, and upon which our customers cannot have realized less than 20,000*l.* Had the true doctrine of co-operation applied, we should have had the larger proportion of that amount, for it was wealth which we created." It is obvious, however, that there is no magic machinery for protecting co-operative factories from the consequences of their own blundering and mismanagement; and that, though the men may in a sense be said to have created wealth by their labour, they also consumed wealth by their self-voted wages to an extent which rendered the business a very unprofitable one. Moreover, the conduct of the men was clearly unfair to those from whom they borrowed the capital which they thus proceeded to divide among themselves at pleasure. The Chairman went about among the Co-operative Companies in the North making speeches which encouraged them to believe that they could get 25 per cent. for their money by investing it in the Ouseburn Company, and it is understood that a good deal of capital was obtained in this way. The Chairman is shocked that people should not have confidence in the Company, but the admission that the men are the masters and can put their hands into the till whenever they like sufficiently accounts for any amount of distrust. It is announced that, with the exception of the jobbing and repairing branch of the business, all the operations of the Company for the last year have involved a loss.

It will be seen from this account that what has taken place is not a failure of the co-operative principle, but a failure to apply it. The solution of the problem, in fact, turns on whether the men are prepared to act up to their principles. In this instance they demur, or some of them do at least, to paying for their shares, and while ready to claim the profits, refuse to bear their share of the losses. The principle is all right, but human nature is weak; and it is with the regeneration of human nature that this reform must begin. It may be taken for certain that no competent manager can be obtained for such an enterprise unless he is allowed proper authority over the workmen, who, though they may be his masters in one sense, are his servants in another. On the other hand, there are good workmen who prefer steady pay to taking their chance in such a lottery, while inferior workmen weigh down the concern by securing employment on the strength of being shareholders. And of course directly the capitalist and the worker cease to be one, and become quite separate interests, all the old antagonism springs up once more, as fresh as ever.

What has taken place in the case of the Ouseburn Company is nothing new. It is, in fact, the common history of nearly all the experiments which have been made in this direction. Occasionally it is the manager who bolts with the cash-box; or, in his ignorance, lets the Company in for ruinous losses. But, as a rule, the men expect that there is some hanky-panky in co-operation which will enable them to fix their own terms without reference to market prices and the option of the consumer, and are not prepared for any effort in the way of thrift or industry on their own part. In another highly instructive instance, that of Briggs' Collieries, the workmen were invited to take shares, but only some five hundred out of two thousand took advantage of the opportunity. In addition to the market wages for his work, each shareholder received a share of all profits above 10 per cent., which in one year amounted to 5 and in another to 10 per cent. on each man's earnings. When trade became depressed the men who had shared the gains of prosperous years insisted upon being relieved from the consequences of a change of fortune, and a strike ended in their going over to the Miners' Union, while the employers joined the Coalowners' Association.

#### THE HOP-GARDENS.

THE present week brings the hop-picking of the season to a close, and it must have ended much to the disappointment of a great many of the growers. Farmers are always at the mercy of accidents; but of all farming, hop-growing is the most hazardous, and we have seldom had more striking proofs of it than

in the experiences of the present year. Nothing could have looked more promising than things did in the early spring, before insects began to show in the gardens and farmers began to ask for showers. Showers were sent them in abundance; the rain set in and came down steadily; the insect vermin were drowned by myriads, and the bine and leaves washed clean of the eggs. But the abundant waters did not abate, and in the end changed into a plague, till the growers put up prayers for fine weather more earnestly than ever they had asked for rain. The fine weather came, and with the warm sun and the balmy breezes the hops were ripening as by enchantment. There was a magnificent show in most of the gardens, and promise seemed to be changing into performance when the fruit looked nearly ready for picking. But the hop-growers more than any other class of the farming community experience the truth of the proverb as to slips between cup and lip. It was a strange phenomenon to occur in England, but our summer weather continued malignantly settled. The crops all ripened together; while part was being stripped into the bins, the rest was spoiling; and now a great proportion of the plants have been pronounced not worth taking down from the poles, while much of the produce that has been dried and pocketed has been saved in very indifferent condition. The hop-growers are better off than they might have been, because they have been sending the produce of the year into a market that had been pretty thoroughly cleared of last season's growth. Nevertheless we fear that comparatively few of them have much cause for congratulation, while the greater number may well exchange condolences over an unlooked-for disappointment which is hard to bear.

We suppose that the taste for gambling is inherent in the British blood, if not in human nature, and this must be the reason why so many shrewd farmers who would look most narrowly at a shilling in a bargain will insist on facing the hazards of hop-growing. No pursuit that involves constant labour and unremitting care can well be more speculative. Nor are the prizes either so many or so great as they used to be, while nowadays the blanks are increasingly numerous. In former times, when there was still a heavy prohibitory duty on foreign hops, the English grower had his really fat years that compensated him for many a lean one. If his gardens chanced to bear luxuriantly while those of his neighbours were doing badly, he might almost ask his own prices. But what would have been considered a fancy price in those good old times is now almost unheard of, and even in a year of partial failure like the present we imagine the favourites of fortune think themselves very lucky if they get 6*l.* the hundredweight for their prime samples. Brewers and buyers may greatly prefer the best Kentish hops; but when the Continent and America are ready to supply our deficiencies, the freest buyers will not bid beyond a certain point. On the other hand, in indifferent years, the grower can make no profit at all, while in a really bad year he will be largely out of pocket. If he is a struggling man, toiling hard to make the two ends meet, or if he is a reckless man who gets rid of his profits as he makes them, he will not have been setting aside any reserve fund to meet losses which are morally certain, and a succession of unfortunate seasons may turn him out of his farm, and land him in insolvency and unavailing regrets. We can understand a rich man making his hops his plaything; and a very engaging plaything they are, like fancy shorthorns or young blood-stock. We can understand a substantial tenant-farmer paying a high rent for certain gardens which, owing to their soil and situation, prove almost invariably productive. We believe there are some gardens, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Maidstone which have never been broken up in the course of the last two centuries, and have seldom failed to do fairly. But we cannot understand the rashness that ventures narrow means on the doubtful chances of a run of luck, or that stakes heavily on unkindly ground, under conditions that apparently ensure failure. When the grower is poor, he must live in perpetual anxiety, unless nature has made him a stoic philosopher; and his hand is likely to be continually in his pocket if he works for a profit at the end of the season. Now he is troubling himself over the precursors of some plague of destructive insects or the signs of an incipient blight, and giving directions for having each individual leaf of each particular plant syringed with some powerful chemical solution. Now his bines are being burned, and now they are being flooded; or, again, just as the plants are bending under their ripened load, comes a gale that shatters the poles and strews the gardens with wreck.

But it is when the hops are getting ready for the gathering that his anxieties may be said to culminate. Much must depend on his decision as to the proper day for beginning the picking, for of course the price he gets for his hops depends on the perfection in which they are gathered. If he begins too soon, those that are first picked are unripe, and consequently inferior in quality; if he waits till all are in perfect order, and especially in a season like the present when they are withering quickly, many are sure to be wasted, unless he should have showers to keep them back. And even when the gathering is fairly begun, he cannot under any circumstances increase the pressure beyond a certain point. At so busy a season, when all the country for miles round has turned out to a child into the gardens, it would be impossible to find additional hands on any terms; and even if you had all the Eastern population of London to choose from, you could not gather beyond the capacity of your kilns. The kilns will only dry a certain number of bushels per diem; the hops must be passed through the heat fresh as they are gathered; and we often think that the growers are pound-foolish in not increasing their kiln accom-

moderation beyond the most favourable contingencies of fruitful years. Then there is often no little trouble with the pickers. A scratch gang has been engaged from the motley hordes who troop down from the east of London, bringing no character with them except the indifferent one that is written in their ignoble features. These recruits are paid of course by quantity, and not by time, so that they pick pretty steadily up to a certain point. But when they have been paid the first instalment of their wages the temptation to relax becomes irresistible. Perhaps they are fagged by the unaccustomed labour; their toil has made them thirsty, or their money is burning in their ragged pockets. In spite of entreaties, remonstrances, and objurcations, they repair in a body to the nearest public-house, and set themselves down to a regular carouse. As they know they cannot be replaced, they possibly contrive to reconcile idleness with self-interest by telling themselves that the hops are there and will wait their leisure. But the hops will not wait, and are steadily going from good to bad. The farmer may wring his hands or rend his garments while he sees his hard-earned profits vanishing; but his is only a parallel case to that of the West Indian planters with the emancipated blacks, and, in the one instance as in the other, there is no redress to be obtained. It is no wonder, perhaps, considering the treatment he has to put up with, and that the hands he has engaged to help him may turn out to be his worst enemies, that he should show himself careless as to the accommodation he provides for them. Certainly the way in which these temporary servants of his are housed is too often a shame and a scandal. Men, women, and children are crowded into some leaky barn or long slight shed that has been run up for the purpose, where they may huddle together as best they can; or possibly they may even have to find shelter under the hedges, or beneath the hoops and sacking they have provided for themselves. They cannot but be demoralized, if there is any room left for demoralization, by the impossibility of observing the barest decencies of life; while unaccustomed exposure in broken weather sows the seeds of disease in their rickety frames. This is the dark side of hop-picking, so far as the people employed in it are concerned. Yet, on the other hand, were hop-growing to be circumscribed within the limits which prudence on the part of the farmers would seem to dictate, there can be no doubt that it would be a serious calamity to the labouring population in extensive rural districts. For the hop-picking comes as an annual godsend to many a poor family, enabling them to pay off the petty debts of the year, and make a fresh start for the winter in tolerable comfort. No one is too old or too feeble to turn out into the gardens, where the halt and the lame, the sick and the sorry, are to be seen assembled round the bins in merry industry. If the weather is fine the yearly outing does them all an infinity of good; and even should it prove damp and disagreeable, a little wet and cold do not seem to hurt them. The very babies join the great family parties and enjoy them. Even the better kind of small townfolk in the little country towns volunteer for the service, as their mothers have done before them from time immemorial. The hop-picking is a carnival that levels for the time all social distinctions, and a great blessing it must be to exchange the close confinement of stuffy rooms for the hop-laden air of the gardens in September. And certainly, looking at the matter from the picturesque point of view, no English rural scene can surpass that of a hop-garden in full activity. The trailing plants are infinitely more graceful than any of those vineyards of the Rhine or the Gironde that are trimmed and pruned into squat regularity. Nothing can vie with them in beauty except those trellised vines of the plains of Italy which still hang as they hung in the time of Horace in untrained luxuriance from tree to tree. The hop country is generally broken, for the gardens are laid out upon undulating slopes, and, where it is possible, the enclosures are sheltered from the winds by the foliage of fine forest timber. For once, the dull dress of the English peasant is brightened up by gay bits of colour, for the women protect their heads from the sun with gaudy handkerchiefs, and bring out old scarlet cloaks to envelop the sleeping babies. But there is no danger whatever of hop-growing being given up, so long as beer continues to be the British beverage; and there is no reason why it should be given up. All we suggest is that it is carried on too indiscriminately for the good of the hop-growers as a class, so that it becomes in many cases a kind of gambling where the odds are all against the adventurer.

#### MACBETH AT THE LYCEUM.

THE most interesting question that arises on the production of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum is whether it will prove permanently attractive. Looking at this question from the lessee's rather than our own point of view, it is not only interesting, but in the highest degree important. We may suppose that the play, as now performed, will be seen by the whole playing public once, and this implies a considerable, and to our mind sufficient, run. We should be better pleased indeed if the people who wished to see this play wished to see the whole of it. They might for one night only resolve to take their places before the play began, and to keep them till it is over, instead of streaming in after the gas has been turned down for the witches' scene, and groping their way to their own, or perhaps other persons', seats, with fumbling, grumbling, and "much admired disorder," which seems to extend itself to the wits of the stall-keeper. We would

recommend the lessee, if another play should be produced with a dark scene at the beginning, to have the numbers of the seats distinctly printed on the backs, so that these interruptions may be as brief as possible. As things are, it is only "when the hurly-burly's done" in the stalls that the play can comfortably proceed.

In criticizing this performance, the difficulty is to find some standard of comparison. The play was performed a few years ago at Drury Lane Theatre, before the lessee of that house discovered and announced that Shakspeare meant bankruptcy. Mr. Phelps acted *Macbeth* as well as he acts several other characters in which he has been more lately seen, and the other parts were acted at least as well as they are acted at the Lyceum. Such a play as *Macbeth* gains by being produced at a large theatre, and some pains were taken to make the siege of Dunsinane effective. Yet the performance made no particular impression, and although the pit and galleries applauded, the boxes and stalls were silent, and for the most part deserted. Not only was *Macbeth* fairly well played, but it was alternated with other plays of Shakspeare, as in the days of Young and Macready. The result of that and one or two more such seasons was that the lessee ceased to rely on good acting of standard plays, and we are bound to say that the experiment had been tried, in more senses than one, exhaustively. But now the production of a play of Shakspeare is announced beforehand as a great theatrical event, and is followed by endless discussion in the newspapers. Some of them, by way of beginning at the beginning, describe "the opening of the great drama," which to our mind is marred of its effect by the failure of some people to come in time for it. "All is dark, but a storm is raging, and in the lurid glare of the lightning ever and anon are revealed the figures of the weird sisters chanting their incantation." It is the privilege of journalism to be perpetually rediscovering truths, and it may be that the writer of these words, or his predecessor in office, was aware, and even informed the public, that the opening scene of *Macbeth*, as performed at Drury Lane Theatre, was grand and impressive. That spacious house has special facilities for such performances, and the spectacular and musical parts of *Macbeth* used to be excellently done there without obtaining, so far as we can remember, any particular commendation. We may venture to remark that this is not, as some persons seem to believe, the first time in the history of the stage that the witches have been tolerably acted. The attention paid to these parts is well shown by the story of a manager who valued himself upon his "first witch." Going round after the first act to observe things from the front, he forgot to return in time for the fourth act, and when the curtain drew up on two witches only he cursed somebody's neglect.

One of the earliest strong impressions made by Mr. Irving on a London audience was by the recital of Hood's poem of *Eugene Aram*, and it might be expected that the power he then displayed would carry him well through some scenes of *Macbeth*. His figure, indeed, and bearing are not such as one associates with the character. A successful general eight hundred and more years ago must have been in his own person warlike, for the day had not nearly come when a humpbacked dwarf or a hectic skeleton might efficiently command a valiant army. A man cannot make himself a soldier by merely carrying weapons, and Mr. Irving might save himself trouble if, when he first comes upon the stage, he would leave his spear behind him in a corner, and be satisfied with a sword and dagger as sufficiently indicating his martial character. It must be said, however, that his spear, helmet, and other appointments are all correct after authentic patterns of the age to which the play belongs. At the beginning of the third act, when, according to the stage directions, he enters "as King," he has provided himself with what we take to be a "state" sword—a straight cross-handled sword in handsome sheath. But if it is a sword, he should not nurse it as if it were a baby nor hold it as Punch does his cudgel. In the last act he has carefully rehearsed the combat with Macduff, and we are happy to observe that the effect upon the public, or at least upon the newspapers, is tremendous. In these matters a little goes a long way in modern and unpractised eyes; and probably the impression on ninety-nine persons out of one hundred is greater than if more scientific swordsmanship had been exhibited. The hundredth person might remember that *Macbeth* has said, "Before my body I throw my warlike shield," and might conjecture that Shakspeare, who had seen sword-and-buckler play a thousand times, intended that these combatants should chiefly use their shields for purposes of defence. It must, however, be remembered that these long heavy swords are dangerous weapons in any but thoroughly practised hands, especially where there may be some liability to nervousness for the first few nights. It is well, therefore, to arrange something showy and at the same time tolerably safe. For these reasons it is perhaps better to take most of the opponent's cuts on one's own sword and reserve the shield for ornamental purposes. This, indeed, seems to be *Macbeth's* view, for after a time he gets rid of his shield and trusts to his sword alone. Here he was perhaps guided by a writer who understood such matters:—

In vain the target they threw aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied.

With failing strength and growing desperation this is what a man would naturally do when he feels that, if he does not kill his opponent within a minute, he will be killed himself; and we know that Highlanders in conflict with regular troops often did this very thing. Macduff seizes the occasion thus presented to deliver a



fatal thrust. Macbeth falls, rises to his knees, and draws his dagger, and then—

Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,

and he sinks forward on his face and dies. All this is well imagined and carefully rehearsed, but it must be allowed that Mr. Irving is rather like a young lady who can only play out of her own music-book. As soon as he trusts himself to spontaneous movement of his limbs or weapons, he shows that he is more of the student than the soldier, whereas Macbeth was much of the latter and not at all the former. The difficulty is to believe that Mr. Irving, either at the persuasion of the devil, or of his wife, or of his own motion, could ever have entered on a career of criminal ambition. He looks, when he is not trying to look otherwise, like a schoolmaster who has not committed, and does not intend to commit, any murder more heinous than that of a trout in the adjacent river. But still he can look very much like a schoolmaster who has committed a murder. He looked thus in the play of *Eugene Aram*, and he looks much the same in *Macbeth*.

We do not know whether Mr. Irving, like some of his critics, has considered the question whether Macbeth was led to conceive the murder of Duncan by his wife's suggestion, or the witches' prediction, or his own wickedness, or all combined. Until the spirit-rappers have called up Shakspeare to explain his own meaning, these questions may always be discussed by those who have leisure and inclination. Perhaps Shakspeare did not think the matter out with the accuracy that is sometimes assumed, and his commentators might as hopefully take in hand the choruses of the Æschylean trilogy with which *Macbeth* has been compared:—

βιάται δ' ἃ τάλαρα πειθῶ,  
προβουλόπαις ἀφ' ἑρπυλίας.

The Chorus were content to get no nearer to the point than this, and we perhaps shall do well to follow their example. It is beyond doubt that Macbeth, from whatever instigation, does kill Duncan, and we think Mr. Irving's merit is undeniable in the speech beginning "Methought I heard a voice cry 'sleep no more,'" and almost throughout the scene in which it occurs. He is also very impressive in the early part of the third act, particularly in the speech beginning "To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus," and in that in which the words occur, "Duncan is in his grave." When the ghost rises at the banquet he is not equally successful; nor do we think that much is gained by substituting a shadowy spectre for the substantial ghost, if we may so say, to which we have been accustomed. It may be remarked, too, that this new and improved ghost is placed in a curious crouching attitude, as if he were almost as much afraid of Macbeth as Macbeth is of him. His prevailing colour, as compared with that of the genuine original ghost, suggests that the artist who got him up has been making the red one green. At Drury Lane the actual Banquo with some red streaks upon his face used to appear, but perhaps this method might not answer at a small theatre. The truth is that in this scene much depends upon Lady Macbeth, and Miss Bateman is, we will not say, disappointing in this part, for we had no particular expectation, but unsatisfactory. It may be freely admitted that a better representative of the character could not readily be found, and it would be difficult to illustrate more forcibly the poverty and impending bankruptcy of the English stage. We could neither find another Lady Macbeth in *esse* nor indicate, one in *posse*, and therefore we must accept Miss Bateman in the part, and make the best of her. But whereas we should be glad to see, or rather to hear, Mr. Irving again in many passages of this play, we scarcely feel any such desire as regards Miss Bateman, whom even friendly critics of the play are damning with faint praise. Mr. Irving was at his best in the lines, "My way of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," &c., and again at "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." The fitful energy of his voice and movements in the last act ought to have a great effect on the audience, if we may judge from the way he makes his soldiers start and skip. On the whole, we have derived much satisfaction from his assumption of this part, but we should have been probably at least as much pleased if he had read it at a desk, and all the subordinates and scenery had been simply wiped out. The artists have in one respect done their work only too well. When Shakspeare wrote the beautiful lines about the martlet, he probably forgot that "jutty, frieze," &c., cannot be conveniently inspected either by torchlight or moonlight. The painter of the "exterior of Macbeth's castle" has magnified this error by putting the castle back a good distance from the speaker, and putting the moon behind it.

Improvement has taken place in this performance since the first night, and further improvement may be expected. This remark applies both to Mr. Irving's acting, which has gained in confidence and force, and to the general business of the play. If it be thought that in the second and third acts he carries too far his manifestations of terror and prostration, much justification may be found in the speech in the fifth act, "I have almost forgot the taste of fears." At the same time we must say that when he throws himself on his knees and hides his face after seeing Banquo's ghost, we are apt to forget that this is Macbeth, and remember that it is Mr. Irving, who acted *Eugene Aram*. The same remark applies when he throws about his legs and arms at the words, "Wake Duncan with thy knocking." Some of the best and bravest soldiers have been abject cowards under supernatural terror, so that these attitudes may be justified, although we do not think that they can be admired. Mr. Irving, as we all

know, does curious things with his voice and limbs, and probably he, like other actors and actresses of our time, suffers from the want of systematic instruction in stage business in his youth. He has some tricks of gesture and expression which remind one of a gentleman "unaccustomed to public speaking" endeavouring to assume an easy tone and posture. But it must be said, on the other hand, that he is always studying and seeking improvement, and often with good effect. A conspicuous instance of this is furnished in the combat with Macduff, of which we have already spoken. Neither he nor Mr. Swinbourne has had that early and constant training in the use of the sword which was part of the education of Kean and Kemble. But they have carefully practised every movement of this duel under experienced guidance, and they are rewarded for their diligence by a chorus of enthusiastic but rather indistinct praise. One critic says that this fight has "a sullen and lurid grandeur." Another speaks of the "picturesque force and intensity" of the death struggle. Another declares that it was "a very good fight," another that it was "grandly truthful and terrible," and another that it was "the finest piece of realistic combat" he had seen. All this is the result of taking pains with a particular scene, and we cannot help wishing that something of the same sort of care could be exercised throughout. Not only Macbeth, but also Macduff and Banquo, would at times be greatly helped by somebody who could tell them what to do with their arms and legs.

As regards the text, we assume that Mr. Irving has been his own instructor, and some of his readings are to us as surprising as his movements. There are, for example, the words which are perhaps more universally familiar than any others in the play, "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Everybody understands, or thinks he understands, these words, and all that follow them. The rest of the speech is generally accepted as a commentary on the opening text. The words "But in these cases we still have judgment here," present, or are generally thought to present, the same idea in another form. It however pleases Mr. Irving to say, "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well." After a full stop he goes on, "It were done quickly, if the assassination," &c. We can only compare this reading to that which an actor once introduced into the character of King Henry VIII. Instead of saying to Cranmer, "O lord archbishop, thou hast made me now a man," he held up his hands to express astonishment, and said, "O Lord!" feeling, no doubt, that this was a proper compliment to pay to Cranmer's magnificent prophecy of the glories of his daughter's reign. If this sort of ingenuity is exercised, we shall have to speak of—

Hapless Shakspeare, yet of Irving sore.

In the lines which follow the announcement that Birnam Wood is coming to Dunsinane, he says, and he is supported by some authority in saying, "I pull in resolution," but surely it would be better to say "I pall," in the sense of "I fail," as the word is used in *Hamlet*, Act 5, sc. 2. Again, when he defies Macduff, he says, as he has read, "Damned be him," but he might venture, like some of his predecessors in the part, to be grammatical, and say "Damned be he." When he asks "What hands are here?" it is unfortunately only too manifest that there is no blood upon his hands, but only dirt. Lady Macbeth, being in this scene more "thorough" than her husband, has daubed her hands plentifully with red, and she seems to forget that when she lays them on her husband's arm she thus supplies hanging evidence against both, and effectually defeats her own scheme of throwing the guilt upon the grooms. In other respects Miss Bateman's performance is correct, and it is always forcible, but it lacks variety. Her principal effect is when she drags her husband off to wash his hands, and here she forgets that he will also need to clean his coat. This, however, is true to nature. Murderers always do forget something, and thus murders are found out.

## REVIEWS.

### HELMHOLTZ ON THE SENSATIONS OF TONE.\*

WE have often wondered that no English version of Helmholtz's great work has appeared during the thirteen years which have elapsed since its first publication. A treatise of any corresponding degree of importance in the domain of English science would, we are sure, have instantly found a translator in Germany; and yet German savants are, as a rule, better able to read English than our scientific men are able to read German. And this surprise can only be increased by the reflection that the treatise in question is not addressed to a limited number of specialists in some difficult branch of research, but appeals to all who have any decided taste for music, and who take an interest in studying the causes of art impressions. Professor Helmholtz's work, though going to the very foundations of tone in the phenomena of physical and physiological acoustics, is professedly written quite as much for musicians, professional and amateur, as for physicists

\* On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music. By Hermann L. T. Helmholtz, M.D., &c. Translated, with the Author's Sanction, from the Third German Edition, with Additional Notes and an Additional Appendix. By Alexander J. Ellis, B.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans. 1875.

and physiologists; and there are few, if any, passages of the volume which cannot be well understood after attentive reading by a mind fairly familiar with musical terms and with the elementary facts of physics. We gladly welcome, therefore, the appearance of Mr. Ellis's volume, which may be pronounced a painstaking and altogether worthy execution of the task which he set to himself. And its publication at the present time is opportune, as the English mind has been in some degree prepared for a full and direct acquaintance with Helmholtz's researches by more than one attempt to present in an English guise the main results of his reasonings. We refer more especially to the accounts of these researches which are to be found in Professor Tyndall's *Lectures on Sound*, in Mr. Sedley Taylor's *Sound and Music*, and Mr. James Sully's *Essay on The Basis of Musical Sensation*. Perhaps, too, we ought to include among the provocatives of English curiosity on this subject Mr. Chappell's very curious discussion of Helmholtz's theory in his recently published *History of Music*.

The full scope of this important work can only be learnt from a careful reading of its contents, and in our present notice of it we must be satisfied with briefly indicating its general aim and the principal lines of argument by which this is carried out:—

The object of the Present Treatise [to quote the translator's words] is to show what the Science of Physiological Acoustics has done, and can do, for the Theory of Music; to prove that musicians can not only not get on much better without Acoustics than with, but that they really cannot get on without Acoustics at all; and to supply them with the necessary knowledge. This is accomplished by an experimental determination of the nature of the material with which musicians have to work, its constitution, and its laws.

The problem to which the author directly addresses himself is the explanation of musical sensations by a determination of their physical and physiological conditions. It seems almost self-evident that no psychological theory could ever tell us why certain kinds of tone are richer and more delightful than others, or discover reasons for the agreements and disagreements which we feel to exist among the several tones. The fact that we commonly speak of the ear perceiving these various qualities points to the existence of a physiological as distinguished from a psychological problem. What is required is to know precisely all the processes in the stimulation of the organ of hearing, to see wherein physiologically a musical tone differs from other sounds, and harmonious combinations differ from others. Yet, though this seems so obvious to us, it is not too much to say that Helmholtz was the first to perceive distinctly and to define exactly the question to be answered. Physicists, it is true, had long considered the external processes of musical sounds, but they had not pushed on to the physiological results of their researches. A few obvious inferences were indeed formulated—as, for example, that a sensation of tone depends on a regular and periodic series of vibrations, and that the peculiar quality of a tone named "pitch" varies in a certain definite manner with the rapidity of these vibrations. But the physiological basis of *timbre*, or quality of tone, and of harmonic and melodic affinity, was quite uninvestigated. Harmony was supposed to follow from the simple numerical ratios known to exist between the vibrations of harmonious tones, though physiologists were unable to point out the reason of this dependence. Indeed the common opinion with respect to harmony was that the mind of the hearer was in some mysterious way made aware of the ratios connecting the vibrations of the individual tones. This opinion was well represented by Euler, whose doctrine is very fully criticized by Helmholtz in the present volume. Thus Helmholtz had to search for the physiological groundwork of all the subtler shades of quality among musical tones, and of harmonic and melodic relationships in their various degrees—that is to say, to account for the greater part of the distinctively musical properties of sound. In the eight years' investigations of which we have here the fruit he made of course ample use of the discoveries of his predecessors, more particularly of the latest researches into the physical constitution of tone. As he modestly puts it, these researches directly prepared the way for his own reasonings, and had they been made earlier, would just as well have enabled other theorists, as, for example, Rameau and D'Alembert, whom he ranks very highly, to arrive at his own results. While admitting this, we must be allowed to remark that, leaving out of view all the important contributions which the author has made to the experimental determination of the nature of objective tone, his far-reaching and penetrating insight into the physiological significance of these objective data, and of their ultimate bearings on the structure of the musical systems, has been the proximate cause of the new science with which he has enriched us.

The transformation, or rather the creation, of musical science which Helmholtz has here completed has been effected solely by the clear recognition, in all its aspects and consequences, of one simple truth—namely, that musical tones are compound sensations, built up of a number of distinct elements or partial tones. That a musical sound, objectively considered, is of this composite character, was a truth well known to physicists; but no one before Helmholtz had sought to draw from it its physiological and musical consequences. The masterly way in which the author has seized the deeper meanings of this truth, bringing all the familiar phenomena of music into their true relations to it, can only be appreciated by one who carefully goes through the work itself. We can only point to some of the more prominent steps of the argument.

First of all, the writer sets himself to establish the composite

nature of tones as objective phenomena. Mathematical physics teach that all motions of the air corresponding to composite masses of tone are capable of being analysed into sums of simple pendular vibrations, every such series of simple pendular vibrations being the objective counterpart of a simple tone. The best mode of discovering the objective existence of partial tones in a full musical tone is by help of sympathetic resonance—that is, by observing what tones can be obtained from a graduated series of strings, for example, in response to the utterance of any given musical tone. Helmholtz has done much to determine this physical problem by means of apparatus and experiments invented by himself. And, indeed, not the least valuable feature of the work is the number of new and ingenious experiments by means of which the author illustrates and verifies his conclusions.

From the fact that every musical tone, properly so called, is thus composite on its physical side, the author argues that the nervous process, and consequently the sensation itself, of a musical tone must also be composite. Here arises the apparent objection that the natural ear does not of itself discover these elementary sensations in the impression of a full musical note. The explanation of this fact is highly skilful, and shows that the author has a very considerable knowledge of psychological processes and laws. The mental action involved in hearing a musical tone is something more than a sensation—it is a perception, and is closely conditioned by the needs of practical life. Having never heard partial tones as separate impressions, and being under no necessity of considering them, we become wholly unaware of their existence until a certain practice in attention enables us to recognize their presence.

The discussion of the processes within the organ of hearing which underlie these sensations occupies another chapter, which is not the least valuable of the book. Professor Helmholtz displays a minute and exact knowledge of the intricate structure of the ear, and by a series of very ingenious arguments seeks to prove that the nervous elements acted upon by musical sounds are the peculiar bodies known as the fibres of Corti, which are spread upon the membrane of the internal cochlea; that these nervous appendages are affected by a compound set of air vibrations very much in the same way as the sympathetic strings of a resonant piano; and that by this means compound tones undergo a real analysis by the ear itself, even when, for the reasons already mentioned, we are not distinctly conscious of their several elements. The author modestly terms this a mere physiological hypothesis which is not essential to his main argument, since, whatever the nervous processes may be, the ear is certainly capable of picking out partial tones in a musical tone after sufficient practice.

The first application which the author makes of this discovery to musical phenomena is to account for the various effects of quality of tone. The many peculiarities of *timbre* in the notes of different instruments, including the tones of the human voice, and its vowel sounds, are all reducible to differences in the number, position, and relative strength of their upper tones. A second and still more important result of this discovery is the explanation of harmony, by establishing the proposition that harmony results from the absence of beats, or alternate augmentations and diminutions of the tone-intensity, between the several elements of the combining tones—namely, partial tones together with combinational tones, or those tones which arise under certain conditions from the simultaneous utterance of two or more notes. The way in which this result is worked out in the second part of the volume is exceedingly able, and shows the author's many distinct qualifications for his difficult and complicated task. The physical phenomena termed beats had of course been studied by the predecessors of Helmholtz, but he first recognized their presence as the source of disagreeable and painful sensation in dissonances, and showed the complete agreement between the several degrees of dissonance and the number and disturbing force of these beats. All the best established musical combinations in the various systems of modern harmony—and the harmony of the ancients, *pace* Mr. Chappell, is too nebulous a thing to require recognition in musical theory—are shown by the author to owe their value for our auditory sensations to their freedom from beats. Further, he seeks to bring the phenomena of tone-beats into connexion with certain visual and other sensations—namely, those of flickering light and tickling touch, and so to include them under a general law of pleasurable and painful stimulation.

The third part of the treatise passes from the domain of pure physics and physiology into a region much less susceptible of exact experimental treatment. We mean the world of art-effect, looked on as a whole, and involving psychological and historical processes as well as physiological. The author carefully distinguishes between the physical and æsthetic methods which respectively apply to these two domains. At the same time he shows that in what appear to be the most arbitrary constructions of national musical taste, fixed physiological conditions are unconsciously observed. Thus musical art is a compound result, one set of factors being the uniform laws of the ear's sensibility, another set the general æsthetic principles of beauty, and a third set the varying influences of national temperament and historical antecedents. The author is of course mainly occupied in tracing the operation of the first group of influences in the several historical systems of music—homophonic, polyphonic, and harmonic. At the same time he gives valuable suggestions as to the influence of a conscious quest of beauty of form and expression in shaping these systems. Thus, for example, our present system of major and minor keys, with the dominion of the



principle of tonality, is explained as the result (1) of a certain natural melodic affinity between tones corresponding to harmonic relationships, and, like it, determined by community of partial tone, and (2) of the æsthetic need of a perfect scale of tones fitted to supply the conditions of a highly variable and easily measurable musical motion.

We must say a few words as to the way in which the translator has executed his difficult task. It is not easy to present German scientific writing in a very readable English style; but we think Mr. Ellis has succeeded, by using great freedom in verbal substitution, in presenting Helmholtz's reasonings in a form not only intelligible, but also fairly smooth and agreeable. He has shown great care in selecting the best English equivalents for German technical terms. In a few instances, however, he appears to us to depart from the English scientific usage, as, for example, in again and again speaking of nerves "of sense" and "of motion," rather than of "sensory" and "motor" nerves, and of "terminational" for "terminal," &c. *Gemüths-stimmung*, which is a familiar term in German psychology, and is not unknown in lighter literature, is surely rendered far more naturally by "mood," or "emotional tone," than by "state of sensibility"; and to speak of "the musically beautiful," instead of "the beautiful in music," appears to us to be an offence to English ears.

The notes and appendices which Mr. Ellis adds to the volume are, on the whole, exceedingly useful and pertinent. Still some of the notes might certainly have been dispensed with—as, for example, the instruction (p. 20) to pronounce the name of Professor Dove in two syllables, which could only be required by one wholly ignorant of German, and one therefore who would be sure to follow Mr. Ellis's commands by saying *Do-vê*. So, too, some of the etymological explanations introduced, though interesting in themselves, do not bear on the argument, and only help to make the book the bulky and rather unwieldy volume it is. Mr. Ellis's appendices, more especially the very elaborate discussion of the various modes of temperament, are valuable supplementary matter, and, in spite of their length, will no doubt be welcomed by readers who have a taste for the more technical details of musical science. Mr. Ellis is fully up to the mathematical and technical sides of his subject, but we miss an equal degree of familiarity with the physiological side. If it was worth while to meet Von Quante's objections to Helmholtz's vowel theory—a point of subordinate interest in musical science—it was *à fortiori* desirable to discuss the objections urged by German physiologists, more particularly by Wundt in his recently published work on Physiological Psychology, against Helmholtz's peculiar conception of the nervous processes in musical sensation. We should have been glad, too, to see at least a note on Helmholtz's interpretation of the relation between the physiological and the æsthetic in musical explanation, in reply to the criticisms of Lotze and others. Still we will be grateful for all the curious and interesting matter which Mr. Ellis has given us, and which serves to make this translation an all but exhaustive account of the present condition of all branches of science included under musical theory.

#### RANKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

(Third Notice.)

WORK on the scale of these six volumes could hardly be reviewed in detail, unless the review should itself swell to the size of a volume. We have, in a former article, called attention to the strong point of Ranke's book, the way in which he traces the connexion between English and foreign affairs. It seemed right to bring this feature prominently forward, as the thing which really gives the book its character, before commenting on anything else in the book, whether as affecting the author himself or his translators. Before we have done, we purpose to deal with Ranke's treatment of some parts of our domestic history. In all cases we can only take specimens; it would be hopeless to try to follow him through his whole narrative. But at present it may be well, as we have already pointed out the distinctive feature of the book, to make some remarks on the character of the narrative itself and its translation.

The story is told clearly, straightforwardly, and dispassionately; but, as we have hinted, without much life. During a large part it has indeed the great disadvantage, as the telling of a story, that we cannot help comparing it at every step with the narrative of Lord Macaulay. Such a comparison is in every way unfair, as applied to the translated work of a foreigner; but we cannot keep it from suggesting itself, in spite of the unfairness. But one thing certainly does strike us—namely, that the work is written on no particular scale. As a rule, Ranke naturally goes much less into detail than Macaulay; but ever and anon we find ourselves in the midst of a scene or a personal portrait which is given at great length. Now we have no doctrine about the dignity of history; we are quite willing to be told that Barrillon used to pare his nails wherever he went, and that William Penn walked about his room dictating, and smote the floor with a stick whenever he came to a specially important passage. But we could willingly have given up such details to have had a somewhat less starved account of James the Second's dealings with Oxford and Cambridge. Again the com-

parison is slightly unfair; the English reader cannot help having Lord Macaulay's brilliant description in his head. But one would have thought that in this part of the story a foreign writer who had given special attention to English matters would have made a point of working out everything with special care for the benefit of his own countrymen. The constitution of a German and of an English University differ so utterly from one another that, unless the matter is explained very clearly, a German reader might easily fail to understand what it was that the King did. The University of Cambridge is commanded "to grant its academical degrees to a Benedictine monk." "The Vice-Chancellor," we are told, "resisted, but was on that account deprived not only of his office, but even of his place in a college, by the Ecclesiastical Commission." Surely it would have taken no great trouble to say what degree the monk was to have, to name Alban Francis and Dr. Pechell, and to say—what a foreign reader will certainly not understand as a matter of course—what was Pechell's "place in a college." It is odd that even Lord Macaulay has forgotten to say of what college Pechell was Master. Lingard, however, has not forgotten that his college was Magdalen, and some writers might have made a point of the joint confessorship of the heads of the two colleges of the same name.

But the account of the Oxford Magdalen is more serious:—

The most important step which he took in relation to this matter was, without doubt, his undertaking to give a president after his own mind to the wealthiest and most famous college in Oxford, on occasion of a vacancy which occurred in March 1687. So many well-grounded objections, however, were made against his nominee, that he let him drop, and commanded the governing body to accept another in his place, Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. Parker was acceptable to him because he had, even in contradiction to his earlier writings, declared himself for the Indulgence, and opposed the treatment of Popery as idolatry. But meanwhile, the college, not without some haste, had already made another choice, and would not give it up again.

Then follow the personal dealings with the King and with Penn, which are brought out at very much greater length. Now here again both Farmer and Hough are nameless. Yet it adds greatly to the clearness and life of a story if we have a tangible man with a name, and not a mere abstraction. Even if we never hear of him before or after, we know him better, while we are in his company, if we are told his name. But, more than this, none of the legal and statutable points involved are brought out. We are not clearly told that Farmer was unqualified and disqualified in every possible way, statutable, legal, and moral, while Parker, though not objectionable on all the same grounds as Farmer, was equally unqualified by the college statutes. Almost more oddly still, we are not told, except by implication in the next page, which was the "wealthiest and most famous college in Oxford." There is not, at this stage, anything positively inaccurate in Ranke's account, but it reads like the account of a man who had not troubled himself thoroughly to get up the questions at issue. A little later it is not quite accurate to speak of "the removal of all the Fellows." Rabbi Smith kept his place for a while, and the convert Charnock was certainly not displaced by James.

In fact, one is a little surprised to find in Ranke a good many cases which show that he has not thoroughly mastered the names and forms of English institutions. It is no great shame in a foreigner not to have done so; still we should have expected greater care on such points from one who has specially given himself to the study of English history. But these are matters for which we are much more inclined to blame the translators than the author. If a foreign writer makes slips in English names and titles—and we must remember that our elaborate system of titles must be very hard for a foreigner fully to take in—it is surely the business of his English translator to set him right. If he calls a duke an earl, or an earl a duke, if he calls Shaftesbury in one of his stages Lord Cooper instead of Lord Ashley, if he systematically speaks of baronets and knights by their Christian names, but without the title which English use puts before the Christian name—a way which, after all, is better than talking about "Sir Peel"—the translator would surely not be taking an unwarrantable liberty, even if he silently corrected the slip, much more if he discharged his conscience by adding a note. But when we see Ranke speaking correctly of "William Lord Russell" in his text while "Lord William Russell" appears in the heading of the page, it looks very much as if the translator had gone out of his way to set the author wrong. These mistakes in titles are so common as to be quite a feature of the book, and in some cases, as when we are told (iv. 75) that Danby was raised to a marquise in 1665, the mistake can hardly fail to be due to the original author. Ranke also sometimes gets wrong in graver matters; like some people nearer home, he does not distinguish a bill of attainder from an impeachment. The story of Danby's impeachment, the conditional bill of attainder, the conferences and amendments backwards and forwards between the two Houses, the pardon from the King which he pleaded, his discharge after his five years' imprisonment, altogether make a tale involving so many points of law and Parliamentary practice that it needs a good deal of knowledge of such matters to tell the whole story without a slip. But unless either Ranke has done great injustice to himself, or his translator has done great injustice to him, it is clear that he confounded the impeachment and the attainder:—

It was to Danby, and the impeachment that hung over him, that universal attention was now in general directed. The King had granted him a general pardon, which was so carefully and comprehensively drawn up, that Danby thought himself sufficiently secure. But the Lower House would not hear of a pardon for one who had been already accused: it rejected even the modified amendment proposed by the Lords to its bill;

\* *A History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century.* By Leopold von Ranke. 6 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1875.

that Danby attended to neither summons nor trial, could not protect him from condemnation. After some resistance and more than one useless conference, the Upper House agreed on the 14th of April to the bill of attainder against the Earl of Danby, and the King was called on to give it his consent.

We cannot at all make out what is meant when it is said immediately before that there had been a debate "upon the elevation of rank given to the Earl of Danby when he had been deprived of the office of Treasurer." The reference is to the despatches of the Venetian P. Sarotti, who must surely have made some mistake.

It is only right, as the book is designed for English students, to point out some more examples of inaccuracies of this kind, in some of which we suspect that the translator is in fault, in all of which, if the author really was in fault, the translator should surely have set him right. In vol. iv. p. 16 no one would understand what is meant when we read that "the Opposition determined to entrust the administration of this money, not to the Treasury, but to the London Exchequer, for that was much more secure than the Treasury." After some searching, we find that what is meant by "the London Exchequer" is the Chamber of the City of London. In the accounts of the trials of Fitzharris and Plunkett and of the prosecution of Shaftesbury, there is a distinct confusion of the functions of a grand and petty jury, and some way on, in p. 161, we read of "the *ignoramus verdict*." It is perhaps not very wonderful if a foreign writer fails to take in the difference between a petty jury acquitting a prisoner and a grand jury refusing to find a bill against him. It is not wonderful if he applies the word *verdict* to the action of the grand jury; we can even understand that he may forget for a moment that, as Shaftesbury was a peer, though a grand jury might find a true bill against him, yet he could be neither acquitted nor convicted by a petty jury. But surely his translator was bound by the common allegiance of a translator to set his master right on such points as these. So again, in vol. iv. p. 161, we read how Francis North "was soon after promoted to be Lord Keeper, and even at that time appeared as Vice-Chancellor." As the office of Vice-Chancellor was only created under George the Third, we are puzzled at the appearance of a Vice-Chancellor under Charles the Second. But what is meant is the fact which is recorded by Roger North in his *Life of Francis* (p. 185):—"While his Lordship was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he often was constrained to take the place of Speaker and preside in the House of Lords, in the room of my Lord Nottingham the Chancellor." We can quite forgive a foreign writer for calling the deputy of the Chancellor the Vice-Chancellor; but his English translator, who must surely know more about the history of Vice-Chancellors, ought to have altered a phrase which might lead English readers very far wrong. It is a more serious error when we read, in p. 87 of the same volume, of "the law courts, which conducted such trials as did not concern members of Parliament." This does sound as if Ranke really thought that members of the House of Commons as well as peers were tried by some special tribunal. But when, a few pages on, we find Monmouth spoken of as the King's "legitimized son," we feel sure that the translator has made some confusion or other. Ranke may make a slip as to the title of an English peer, or as to the mode of proceeding in an English court. It is impossible that he can have read the whole history of the time so utterly wrong as to fancy that Monmouth had, as the word "legitimized" would imply, ever been declared or made legitimate by any formal act. Indeed, he directly after goes on to tell the story in a way which implies Monmouth's continued legal illegitimacy. From the preface it appears that the translation has been made by several Oxford residents, known and unknown. The volumes have been divided among them, but we are not told which translator took which volume. It is a pity that this is not told us, for the difference of the work in different parts is most striking, and we should like to know whom to praise and whom to blame. One remark we cannot help making on a mere point of style. In German there is nothing unusual, nothing specially emphatic, in beginning a sentence with *wie* or any of its compounds; but to begin an English sentence with *how many*, or *how often*, and to end it with a note of admiration, gives a picture of one lifting up his hands in amazement. This is quite contrary to English notions of good writing, and the German idiom in its own language suggests nothing of the kind. Surely it would not have been too great a freedom, if the translators had given sentences of this kind that very slight change of turn which would make them conformable to English habits of style.

It is right to mention these things, and all the more because of the fame of the author and of the intrinsic value of his work. There is so much that is really novel in the History, it is so instructive even where there is nothing novel, to see how a familiar story looks in the eyes of a foreigner of Ranke's eminence, that we regret that in such a book there should be any such mistakes at all, even mistakes which we can neither wonder at nor blame. But the translators, to our mind, have done their author a great injustice in not correcting every verbal or technical inaccuracy, even if they have not, as we have been once or twice led to suspect, brought in further inaccuracies of their own. The book is designed for English students, and English students are so apt to go wrong of their own heads—they are so apt to go wrong by following the blind guides with whom they too often trust themselves—that it is a great pity that they should ever be encouraged to go further wrong by the occasional slips of such a man as Ranke. As we have said, for these matters we chiefly

blame the translators—we do not say all the translators, but specially the translator, whoever he may be, of the fourth volume. We only wish that we were not in this matter obliged to deal our blows in the dark.

In our next and final article we purpose, without reference to lesser points of this kind, to speak of Ranke's treatment of some special periods of internal English history.

#### THE NEW ZEALAND WATER-VOLCANOES.\*

THE action of volcanic forces on the waters under the earth is displayed in some of the most curious and surprising aspects of natural scenery. Within a few years past, both in the Western hemisphere and at the Antipodes, the grandest fields have been opened for the survey of these phenomena, upon a scale even surpassing that of the geysers and other hot springs in Iceland. The United States Congress in 1872 enacted that the Yellowstone Lake region, about sixty miles square, in the north-west corner of Wyoming Territory, close under the Rocky Mountains, should be reserved for ever as an illustration of volcanic operations. It has lately been proposed by Mr. W. Fox, a distinguished member of the New Zealand Legislature, that the same should be done with the not less singular region of aqueous volcanoes in the centre of the North Island. Since the pacification of the Maori tribes on the Upper Waikato and around Lake Taupo, tourists have obtained safe and easy access to this remarkable exhibition of physical wonders. It was examined and described by Professor von Hochstetter, the Austrian geologist sent out with the Novara expedition of scientific research, so long ago as 1858; but little has till now been added to his report of its main features. While the Colonial Government has neglected the subject, and few persons in New Zealand, with the exception of two Governors, Sir George Grey and Sir George Bowen, have ever cared to visit the district, it continues to be regarded with interest by instructed persons at Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph has just sent his Gold Medal of Arts and Sciences to Mr. Mundy, the photographer who has furnished the illustrations to the publication now before us. This work affords a welcome example of the assistance which the photographic art and the natural sciences, in descriptive works at least, may profitably lend to each other; and Mr. Mundy and Professor von Hochstetter have exercised together their respective faculties of correct visible delineation and of physical investigation with a highly instructive result. The reader is enabled to comprehend with very slight effort the statements of a multitude of minute particulars, strange to ordinary and untravelled experience, and therefore difficult to imagine as an entire system.

The system of these volcanic ebullitions, viewed as a whole, has the greater interest for the student of nature from their manifest unity of origin. The region over which they extend is shown at a glance in the sketch map of the North Island prefixed to the photographs and descriptions. That island, nearly as large as England, has the shape of a very irregular rhomboid with an elongated and crooked projection, running to extreme narrowness at the isthmus of Auckland, in the direction of north-west. The broader portion or main body of the land, having the Bay of Plenty on its north-eastern shore, and the wide open bight west of Cook's Strait on its opposite side, is a tableland rising gently from both those coasts to an elevation of 2,000 ft. in the middle, but walled in by high mountain ranges on the other two sides. One of these ranges, parallel with the eastern seacoast in the provinces of Wellington and Hawke's Bay, is a continuation of a mighty ridge of stratified rocks, which forms the Cordillera or backbone of the North Island, as likewise of the South Island. The mountains which, on the other hand, approach the western coast, and of which Taranaki or Mount Egmont is the most conspicuous, are peaks and cones of volcanic formation. Between these two dissimilar mountain ranges, and with only a gradual slope or swell upwards from the sea, the middle ground consists of pumice-stone and tufa, with quartzose, trachyte, or rhyolite lava. It was probably formed by submarine eruptions, and lifted by subsequent volcanic action to the height just now mentioned above the ocean. In the very centre of this tableland is Lake Taupo, a hundred and sixty miles from the seacoast of the Bay of Plenty, and equally distant from the south-western shore. This wonderful body of inland fresh water, which is regarded by the Maories with superstitious awe, fills a vast hole of unknown depth in the elevated middle part of the island. Its water, standing now at a level of 1,250 ft. above the sea, appears to have sunk from that of the shores around the lake, which are 700 or 800 ft. higher, yet no soundings are reached at 200 fathoms. The lake is 25 miles long and 20 miles broad, in form an oval, with precipitous cliffs of vitreous lava, 1,000 ft. high, on its western side, and terraced beaches of pumice-stone to the east. At the south or upper end Lake Taupo is overlooked by a group of volcanic mountains, with Tongariro and Ruapahu behind them, attaining the heights respectively of 6,500 ft. and 9,200 ft.; but Tongariro alone, the lesser of these two, has a still active crater. From Tongariro to the Bay of Plenty, in the general direction of north-north-east, three straight lines are clearly to be indicated, with a slight mutual divergence, marking the currents of subterranean and

\* *Rotomahana, and the Boiling Springs of New Zealand.* A Photographic Series of Sixteen Views, by D. L. Mundy, with Descriptive Notes by Ferdinand von Hochstetter, Professor of the Polytechnic Institution at Vienna. London: Sampson Low & Co.



subaqueous volcanic action. They pass through the depths of Lake Taupo, to the winding valleys and gorges of the great River Waikato, which flows out of the lower or north end of this lake; and they reappear, further north, in the tepid waters of several minor lakes, fed by innumerable boiling hot springs, which produce in some instances, as in those of Rotomahana, exquisitely beautiful mineral deposits. The visible termination of one of these three lines of igneous disturbance is found so far distant as the active marine volcano of Whakari, a small island thirty-five miles out in the Bay of Plenty. This is about two hundred miles from Tongariro. The same line of volcanic action, midway in its length, displays itself with marvellous effects in the small hot lake called Rotomahana, with its grand cascade fountains of Te Tarata and Otukapuarangi pouring over huge steps of siliceous rock, white or streaked with pink, being the hardened sediment of the boiling waters, constantly overflowing from huge craters behind the cascades. The second line, following in general the outflow of the Waikato from Taupo northward, makes the principal exhibition of its forces in the multitudinous jets of steam and hot water, bursting out of the sudden hill-sides and through the bushy covert along that river, as at Otunakehe, at Orakeikorako, and in the Pairoa hill-ranges. The third line, extending to the small north-west chain of Lakes Rotorua, Rotoiti, and others, with their geysers and solfataras, near the sea-shore, presents, on the whole, rather less powerful results of volcanic agency than the first and second. They commence alike from the Tongariro group of active or recently active volcanoes, and proceed alike through the profound central abyss of Lake Taupo, to their several fields of surface display in the hot springs, the streams and cataracts, the sulphurous lakelets and pools, the mud-holes, and seething steam-jets of the northern districts, ending in the Bay of Plenty.

It is sufficiently obvious that the whole system depends on the heating and percolating of water through the bottom of Lake Taupo. This lake is indeed worthy of minute and careful examination. The quantity of water it actually contains must be at least equal to that of the Lake of Geneva. Its only visible outlet, the Waikato, is a river much exceeding the Rhone in volume, and discharging from 245 millions to 280 millions of gallons in an hour. But since the lake appears to have formerly been filled several hundred feet higher up its sides, there has probably been an immense draining off at a depth so great as to allow the bottom water to retain the temperature given by the neighbouring volcanoes. This drain of hot water soaks and saps its way during many centuries of time beneath the earth along the northward plains and valleys. It may perhaps be again and again heated by undiscovered subterranean fires in that still troubled region. It continually generates high-pressure steam, which rises through fissures in the pumice-stone or lava crust opened by its own bursting force, and so forms the geysers and other hot springs, being still condensed again to water as it reaches the surface. The steam is accompanied by sulphurous acid gas, and by other acid gases of volcanic origin, which decompose the nether surface and sides of the caverns in the lava and various rocks where the steam passes through. Hence the deposits of various substances; those of silica from the alkaline springs, which are usually intermittent spouts, such as in Iceland are called "geysers" or "strokurs," and "puais" by the Maories in New Zealand; as well as the sulphur and alum deposits of the acid springs, which have no periodical eruptions. This explanation, as given by Dr. von Hochstetter, is apparently simple enough, and may be applied just as well to the phenomena of the Yellowstone region in North America. Dr. Tyndall, in his lectures on "Heat as a Mode of Motion," has more precisely explained the structure and the action of geysers as seen in Iceland. Briefly stated, as he puts it, following Professor Bunsen, the tube of silica through which at intervals a jet of water is thrown by the force of steam below, has been constructed by the spring itself perforating a mound of previous deposit. The merit of investigating the processes by which subterranean vapours and gases take up various mineral substances from the decomposition of rocks belongs to Professor Bunsen. What Dr. von Hochstetter showed twelve years since was the resemblance of this kind of natural distillery in New Zealand to that which had long been observed in Iceland. The reports of Dr. F. V. Hayden, the American official geologist and surveyor, upon the more recent exploration of the Yellowstone region, seem to confirm the scientific theories already received.

The Colonial Government of New Zealand, responding to Mr. Fox's appeal for the preservation of Taupo and Rotomahana, like the Yellowstone park of wonders, to the free public enjoyment of future ages, has promised that none of this territory shall ever be sold to private purchasers. But it does not yet form a part of the land domains in the possession either of the New Zealand general Government or of the Auckland provincial Government. The Maori tribes, at any rate those dwelling in the neighbourhood, who resist the introduction of Pakeha or European modes of life, and cherish their own national and local usages, would scarcely be disposed to part with their recognized ownership of this district. Hydropathic establishments and luxurious baths, lounges, and pump-rooms for drinking the medicinal waters, and the ordinary hotels and boarding-houses of a fashionable spa, will doubtless be erected there at some future day, when the native race of mankind, in New Zealand as in Tasmania, shall have perished to the last man or woman. A pathetic interest belongs to their imaginative traditions of the demigods, the Titans, and the mysterious demons of earth and water, to whose agency astonishing natural phenomena are ascribed. Their legends of physical mythology, if told by a poet like Homer, would seem little inferior to those of

the Greeks in nobleness of conception. They further appear to suggest, we know not whence derived, a vague notion of the facts or probabilities with reference to some geological causes. The whole North Island is poetically styled "Te Ika a Maui," that is to say, the great "Fish" caught and lifted from the ocean depths by a certain mighty demiurgus, named Maui, whom these people revere as the author of their existence. The island has the shape of a fish, but the Maories have no map. It has been remarked indeed that this land, excepting the stratified rocks of its eastern mountain range, appears to the scientific observer a product of submarine volcanic eruption, not indeed suddenly, but gradually, raised above the ocean surface. Again, the distinct lines of subterranean igneous action, from the central group of volcanic mountains to the north-eastern bay, are recognized and quaintly accounted for in the Maori romances of cosmogony. One story is that the enterprising divine Fisherman above mentioned, the mighty Maui, when he saw fire bursting out of the body of his great Fish, got frightened and shook the flames all the way down from Tongariro to the sea-coast. Another fable is related of the Maori Hyperion, called in their language Ngatiroirangi, or the Runner in the Sky. He came with his family in pre-historic ages from Hawaiki, the mystic ancestral home of gods and men. It is questionable whether this be a myth referring to the supposed emigration of some progenitors of the Maori race from the Hawaiian Islands. The word Hawaiki means the same as the Greek Hades; it is the lower region of the universe, where dwell the souls of the departed, and whence come the souls born into our mortal life. Ngatiroirangi, however, with his servant Ngauruhoe, flying aloft from Hawaiki across the southern firmament, alighted on the summit of Tongariro. He felt cold in that exposed situation and shouted to his sisters, whom he had left on the island mountain of Whakari, to send him some of the sacred fire they had brought from Hawaiki. They sent it by the hands of the two Taniwhas, the Earth Spirit and the Water Spirit, who dwell underground and in the depths of lakes and rivers. The fire thus transmitted is still current through the long subterranean passage of two hundred miles between the midland peak and the burning isle of the sea. It bursts forth in a thousand places from the soil of the plain, the sides of the hill-ranges, and the bottom of fathomless Taupo, or the boiling craters that overflow in the splendid cascades of Rotomahana. There is genuine poetry in this Maori legend of the really wonderful volcanic phenomena of New Zealand, which the colonial photographer and the German geologist have by their joint work brought before us so vividly and impressively.

#### HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE.\*

WE should find it hard to say whether this novel of Miss Braddon's is any better or any worse than the others which in a long unbroken line have flowed from her pen. We have read some half-dozen or dozen, or it may be a dozen and a half, of her tales, but of no one plot and of no one character have we any particular remembrance. We have only a hazy recollection of sinners and criminals of both sexes and of every kind, whose deeds were recorded in a mongrel kind of English that was not unworthy of the subject. We once heard of a sugar-broker in the City who had made a comfortable fortune by the unusual power he had of remembering the qualities of a great variety of samples of sugar. There was no need for him to carry samples with him so as to compare one with the other. Though to the untrained eye the differences were almost too slight to be discerned, yet his memory was so faithful to sugar that he never confounded one quality that he had seen with another. Happy, thrice happy, would that reviewer be to whom this City gentleman could impart the secret of his prodigious memory. For indeed our trade is a harder one than his. The author, perhaps not unreasonably, expects that his present labours should be compared with his past, while his admirers—and even such a writer as Miss Braddon has not only readers, but also admirers—are anxious to see what figure their favourite writer makes when tried by his own standard. These expectations, we admit, are not unreasonable. But who can fulfil them? What constant reader of the *Times*, for instance, would be prepared in the Long Vacation, when the police reports are at their fullest, to sit down at the end of the week and compare the Saturday cases with those that had been given on each of the other days of the week? What regular attendant at the parish church could compare the sermon he has just heard with those which his worthy vicar had preached in the last six weeks? What member of the British Association at Bristol who had sat through every sitting of a certain section could tell whether the gabble that he had heard at the last hour was more or less foolish than the gabble that he had heard at the first or the sixth or the ninth hour? What others cannot do no more can we. No sooner have we read one novel like *Hostages to Fortune* than we find it needful to sit down at once and write our criticism on it. Should we sleep more than one night upon it we find that hero and heroine, saint and sinner, successful sufferer and defeated villain, are in our memory hopelessly confused together. We have—we almost blush to confess it—more than once so utterly a heroine's name forgotten in twenty-four hours that we could not by any effort of memory recall it. Weak, then, though our recollections are of Miss Braddon's previous stories, they are

\* *Hostages to Fortune*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. 3 vols. London: John Maxwell & Co. 1875.

nevertheless strong enough for us to say that we have been affected by reading the story before us in exactly the same way as we were affected when we read each of the others. We have read it with a great effort, and with great dislike, and we closed the third volume with a decided feeling of relief.

Still, if we are not mistaken, and are not confusing Miss Braddon with other writers of her class, there is a very unusual absence of murderers in this her latest story. Addison, in the inventory he gives of a sale that is to take place in Drury Lane, where the owner "is breaking up housekeeping," includes "the complexion of a murderer in a hand-box, consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke." Can it be the case that Miss Braddon is giving up, not housekeeping, but, if we may venture to pursue the metaphor, one suite of apartments in her house? We all know the wing in the old family mansion which has long been disused and closed up from the light of day, where the young bride, or it may even be the new governess, feels a peculiar indescribable shiver as she is led through it on the day of her arrival by the ancient housekeeper. As Miss Braddon really does manage to get through these three whole volumes without murdering any one, we shall venture to hope that she has indeed, to this extent, given up housekeeping, and disposed of the complexion of her murderer to Mrs. Henry Wood or some such writer. To this result we should be pleased to think that our past criticisms had in any way contributed. We have noticed with great pleasure, as a sign that we have certainly done some good, that she has contrived to write the whole of this tale without once bringing in her old favourite "fortalice." And yet she must have been under the greatest temptation to use it, for she takes her hero and heroine over Windsor Castle. She has managed also to keep out "paraphernalia." We used, we remember, to read of the paraphernalia of the tea-table. Now we have "tea-tray and urn, and all appliances to boot." We should not be surprised—so popular a writer is Miss Braddon—if cups, saucers, and spoons are henceforth known as "appliances to boot." She is not, however, so grateful for criticism as we could have hoped; if, that is to say, her novelist hero, in his repeated attacks on the reviews his books receive, at all expresses her sentiments. There is one paper, the *Censor*, which would seem to have given him great offence by innocently advising him to keep a dictionary by him as he wrote. That Miss Braddon herself needs the occasional service of a dictionary we will not be so rude as to assert. But there can be little doubt that the large majority of her readers would be greatly advantaged if they were to turn up in Johnson every word they come to in her books the meaning of which is beyond them. Perhaps, however, they might with some reason object that, if they were to succeed in understanding every strange word, they would as much spoil their own enjoyment as a child does who has peeped behind the curtain of a puppet-show. There is indeed no small pleasure in a mystery, whether it is produced by a screen or by big words. This Miss Braddon very well understands, and if her critics do succeed in driving her out of some of her favourite words, she is not long in supplying their places with others. We have in the present story "the fragment of inchoate street, whose chief feature is the post-office"; and a knife that is called "the sacrificial knife" because it is to be used in cutting ham. We read of "currants purveyed in Llandrysak being at once desultory and squashy," and we are told of a man who "laid his own heart upon the dissecting-table and anatomized, vivisected its every pulse, its every throe." If any one is to vivisect the pulse of his own or any one else's heart, it would be more in accordance with hospital practice, we believe, if he vivisected first and anatomized afterwards. We hear of another man who "exuberates from foolishness into sin," while the hero's "epicureanism was exacerbated by the knowledge of half-a-dozen West-end clubs within reach." Of course a village inn is called a hostelry, and the door of a village post-office is its portals. A fly-driver still continues to be a charioteer, and the gifts that an actress receives are "the heterogeneous offerings of admiring acquaintance." Miss Braddon, as every one knows, rises into higher flights than these. Especially do we admire the description of a sunset in Wales—a Cambrian sunset we should call it if we used Miss Braddon's favourite term. We have "billows of crimson and purple," in which "gorgeously sinks the golden round, fiery and splendid, like the brazen targe of a victor in the fight." This is a very pretty image indeed. Moreover, like one of those convenient modern reversible coats, it could serve just as well if turned inside out. Let Miss Braddon put it by. Some day, may be, she will write a story of ancient warfare. And then we shall read how in billows of crimson and purple gore sinks the brazen targe of the victor in the fight like the golden sun, fiery and splendid. It is a pretty notion too that "Bailiffs are the bandogs of the fiend Debt." It is the misfortune of one of these bandogs by the way "to contemplate life turned the seamy side without." Life affords a variety of images. We are told in one passage that "easy manners and exquisite taste in details are the castors on which the armchair of life runs easily over the carpet of the world." Still more does Miss Braddon manage to hit the taste of the day by the use of certain words which bear the same relation to everyday language that certain bits of fashionable mediæval furniture do to the showy furniture of the modern drawing-room. Just as we like fanciful names for our children, however thorough Jacks and Toms they may be by nature, and just as we like, with a blaze of gas and light French wall-papers, a dozen gimcracks or so that to a person who knows nothing of the fourteenth century or of the age of Louis XIV. brings back the

one period or the other, so also do we like words that affect the antique. We read of "a lightsome gallery," "tenderest, saddest beseechment," "the winter gloaming," "a narrow brooklet of difference." "Erst" too is a favourite word. "Balliol's stately groves" reads very well indeed to all those who do not know Oxford. Those who do, if they are puzzled where these stately groves are, should remember that in the last few years Balliol College has had large additions made to it, and that among these may likely enough be a grove or two.

We are dwelling so much on Miss Braddon's language that we scarcely leave ourselves space to do justice to her story. Her hero, as we have said, is a novelist—a highly popular novelist who easily makes his two thousand a year. In p. 65 of the first volume he has hazel eyes, and in p. 182 he has dark-blue eyes, but as nothing really depends on the colour of his eyes, the variety is quite pardonable. Had he, like so many of Miss Braddon's favourite characters, been a murderer, there would in these eyes have been a very pretty point for the lawyers when his trial came on. He marries a Cambrian young lady, and they would have lived very happily till they died right from the beginning of the second volume, when the marriage took place, had not a very wicked man fallen in love with her, and a no less wicked woman fallen in love with him. For the latter there was indeed no excuse, for she had over head and ears in love with her a very rich nobleman who had long deserted his own wife. Such are the homely and simple materials which Miss Braddon provides—we should say purveys—for her readers. We hasten to do her the justice to state that in the end vice is punished and virtue is triumphant. The wicked man—not the nobleman, who is really meant to be rather good considering he is a nobleman, but the other—dies of heart-disease when his villainy is at its height, and the no less wicked woman dies of a paralytic stroke when her fame as an actress is also at its height. The nobleman's deserted wife dies too; not that she was wicked, but she was in the way. The hero becomes reformed, and retires to a cottage in Wales. Unfortunately he still goes on writing novels, and brings out one that is more popular than anything he has ever written before. For such reformation as this we have not, we confess, the slightest sympathy. He should have gathered all his novels together, published or unpublished, and while his wife, "the descendant of the Cimbri," as she is called, stood by him and encouraged him, should have lighted them up at nightfall and illuminated "the Cambrian cataract" that was close to their home.

#### ANTIQUITIES OF ORISSA.\*

ORISSA is a name which has long slept in obscurity. It was no doubt familiar enough in a certain sense to our great-grandfathers, who gloried in Clive's achievements and his acquisition of the Diwani of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa. Of these names Bengal perhaps presented some definite idea to a man of average education, but Bihar and Orissa probably conveyed only general notions of territory acquired somewhere in the East Indies. From Clive's day to our own, Orissa vanished from the knowledge of all but those specially interested in India or in the study of geography. When it burst upon our attention, it was by force of the dire misery and fearful mortality that famine brought in its train. Dr. Hunter's admirable book also aroused a wide, and perhaps more than passing, interest in the country. The work we have before us is addressed to a more limited and select class of readers, but it will certainly be a work of authority on matters connected with the archaeology of India, and especially on questions of art and architecture. It is now pretty well known that the Government of India has, in the most liberal and enlightened spirit, instituted a systematic search into the archaeological records of the country, with the object of conserving as far as possible those monuments and remains which are capable of preservation, and of obtaining drawings and descriptions of all objects of interest. In pursuance of this design the Government of Bengal sent "a party of moulders, draftsmen, and photographers" into Orissa, and the author of this work was directed to accompany them as archaeologist.

Bâbû Râjendra Lâla Mitra, the writer, is a Brahman who has long been well known as a fertile writer on the literature, history, and archaeology of India. He first attracted notice, we believe, as an active and able official of the Asiatic Society of Bengal; and now he holds an honourable and lucrative public office. He is a brilliant specimen of the results of English education in India, and those who look into his work will find that he is well read both in the learning of the East and West. His English is clear and idiomatic, with here and there, though very rarely, a form of expression which shows that he is not writing in his mother tongue.

Orissa has been a country little known to Europeans, and even in India it is an out-of-the-way old-world place, having a language of its own, and but little intercourse with other parts of the country, though swarms of pilgrims are attracted there for a purely religious purpose, to attend the festival of the idol Jagannâth. Bounded on the east by the sea, and on the west by mountains and by wilds which for all practical purposes are impenetrable, it has been little open to outside influence, and has been sheltered in a great degree from foreign conquest. The Mahomedans made their

\* *The Antiquities of Orissa.* By Râjendralâla Mitra. Vol. I. Published under the Orders of the Government of India. Calcutta: Wyman & Co. London: Trübner & Co.



way down the western side of the Peninsula, and their power was not established in the province of Orissa on the eastern coast until the reign of Akbar in the sixteenth century. The same would appear to have been the case in ancient days. The country was known to the Aryan immigrants, but it was the country of a race who were not of Aryan blood—a race which in all probability occupied the land before the advent of the Aryans, and succeeded in defending their country against the arms of the invaders, though they were vanquished in course of time by the superior civilization which the Aryans brought with them. This primitive people had the name of Odra, and their country was called Odra-desa; from this comes the modern name Orissa, and the name of its language, Uriya or Oriya. Brahmanism seems to have gained but little influence there in ancient days, but it was apparently a fruitful field for the labours of Buddhist teachers. Asoka's edicts, cut upon the rock of Dhauli, attest the ascendancy of Buddhism, and their incontrovertible evidence is confirmed by the many Buddhist remains which have been brought to light in the country. There, however, as in other parts of India, Brahmanism regained its power. The Chinese travellers of the seventh century found Buddhism still strong, but the Brahmans were in the ascendant; and from that time to the present their power has continued to grow, though the religion and religious observances of Orissa have been affected by local influences and traditions. This secluded country seemed to offer an especially favourable field for archaeological explorations. War and fanaticism had raged less fiercely there than elsewhere, and therefore more numerous and more complete monuments were expected to be discovered. The volume before us shows that this hope was not ill founded; but, without in any way depreciating its value as a contribution to the history and illustration of art, it must be confessed that the monuments which it describes are inferior to many others in different parts of India. The explanation no doubt is that, as the country had enjoyed more than usual security from outside aggression, so it had also been less influenced by external civilization, and consequently its temples and other buildings are less elaborate and less imposing.

We will now proceed to notice more particularly this handsome volume. It is a large folio, well printed, with ample margins and spaces, and illustrated with thirty-nine full-sized lithographed plates—all very creditable to the press of Calcutta. The complete work, it appears, is to consist of two volumes. This first volume is devoted to the architecture of the temples, but it has a chapter on the authorities for the history of Orissa, another on Indian architecture in general, and a final one upon the religion of the Temple-builders. The Babu zealously, and with some success, contends for the independent origin of Indian architecture in opposition to Mr. Fergusson, who is of opinion that the art of building in stone was acquired by the Hindus from the Bactrian Greeks. "Stone architecture," he says, "commences with the age of Asoka (B.C. 250);" and the reasons given for this opinion are that no remains of buildings anterior to Asoka's reign have been discovered, and that the earliest known remains show architecture in the first stage of transition from wood to stone. It is here contended that the absence of remains is an inconclusive argument. They may all have gone to destruction, or there may yet be found some relics which have escaped notice. The pillars of Asoka are monoliths of forty-two feet high and an average diameter of two feet seven inches. They are round, and taper gradually upwards to capitals, which are sculptured with some elegance. The quarrying and working of such blocks of stone attest that the Hindus of that day were no novices in the art, and that they could not have learnt it all at once from solitary teachers. The wooden character of the earliest stonework is admitted; but who is to determine how long it was before an imitative race ceased to follow their original models? A wooden design once reproduced in stone may have endured as a pattern for an indefinite period until the masons discovered the art of varying their designs. Everywhere imitation and reproduction are much more common than originality, and it is unnecessary to do more than hint at the funny stories which are told of the Hindu habit of imitation. Babu Rajendra pursues his argument at some length, denying that there is any identity between Greek and Hindu architecture, though there are some points of approach between the art of Assyria and India. The conclusion he arrives at is that the art of working in stone was known long before the period fixed by Mr. Fergusson, that the buildings of India are unlike any others, and that, if the Indians ever copied from the Assyrians, it must have been at a very remote period. The influence of Tamulian upon Aryan art is merely glanced at. Admitting that the Tamulians were great builders, the author is unwilling to allow that the inferior race exercised an influence over the Aryans, their superiors in civilization; but he leaves the question open, because the distinctive features of Tamulian and Aryan art have not been definitely settled. His final opinion as to ancient Indian architecture is that,

looking at it as a whole, it appears perfectly self-evolved, self-contained, and independent of all extraneous admixture. It has its peculiar rules, its proportions, its particular features—all bearing impress of a style that has grown from within—a style which expresses what the people, for whom, and by whom, it was designed, thought, felt, and meant, and not what was supplied to them by aliens in creed, colour, and race. A few insignificant ornaments apart, its merits and its defects are all its own, and the different forms it has assumed in different provinces are all modifications or adaptations to local circumstances of one primitive idea.

The architecture of Orissa shows a great sameness. All the

temples are of one plan, and the mode of construction has been almost the same everywhere. "By the middle of the seventh century the builders seemed to have discovered what appeared to them the cheapest, and at the same time the most convenient style of masonry, and continued ever after to practise it without any variation." In ornamentation it was somewhat different. The artists were left to their own fancy, and were not bound down by rule and precedent, so they brought forth "an endless variety of decorative designs"; but even these vary more in matters of detail than in general principle. The carvings and sculptures were executed after the Assyrian plan *in situ*, after the building was raised, and were not prepared beforehand in the workshops. This is evident from the many tracings still remaining on walls of designs which were never completed. The author devotes a chapter to the sculptural remains on the temples, and endeavours to obtain from them some indications of the social condition of the people in the age when the temples were built. In this matter he does not confine himself to the temples of Orissa, but compares their ornaments with the sculptures at Sanchi, Amaravati, and elsewhere, and he succeeds in accumulating a great many interesting details of the dress, ornaments, domestic utensils, weapons, and other belongings of the people who lived in the first seven centuries of the Christian era. Most of the illustrations in the volume were obtained from the temples of Bhuvanewara in Orissa. These temples date from the seventh century, and have a great deal of sculptured work about them, but more of patterns and designs than of figures. The designs are very similar to the sculptures found in other parts of India, and, allowing for local peculiarities, they give evidence that Aryan civilization had well established itself in Orissa before these temples were raised. From the descriptions given of them the sculptures are in some instances curious, and interesting as bits of monumental evidence, but they must be left to the examination of the few who take a special interest in such remains and the results deducible from them. One quotation may be made, partly because it will possibly afford some little amusement both to those who follow and those who condemn the influence of fashion; and more because it is amusing to find a Brahman writer descending from the atmosphere of reason and contemplation to deal with the trivial question of a passing fashion:—

The artists of Orissa seem to have paid particular attention to the subject [of head-dresses], and their works represent the dressing of hair and head-dresses in great variety. The specimens shown will convey some idea of the forms which the Uriyas, twelve hundred years ago, thought the most attractive and elegant. The simplest and most natural of these was the chignon taken from the great tower of Bhuvanewara. It occurs on a great number of heads . . . and still prevails in Orissa and in some parts of the Southern Presidency, where the dancing girls seem particularly attached to it. From its bulk it is evident that some padding or stuffing, or a profuse admixture of false or borrowed hair, was used to swell it out. In the present day bits of rag or braided strings of false hair are the stuffings commonly resorted to. . . . Another form . . . resembles the modern chignon so closely in its make and outline that little need be said to describe it. It is worthy of remark, however, as affording a notable instance of how fashion repeats itself, even under such dissimilar circumstances as those of Orissa in 667, and of Europe in 1867 A.D., and how little taste as regards chignons in the boudoirs of Paris in the present day differs from that of the belles of Cuttack twelve hundred years ago.

The last chapter, on the Religion of the Temple-builders, enters deeply into the matter, and pays special attention to Phallic worship. The author's citations from Hindu writings, and his opinions on the Hindu side of the question, are worthy of careful consideration; but when he travels out of India his statements are sometimes a little wild, and he admits identifications of names in which sound is more predominant than sense. His disquisition on the god Siva under his form Rudra is deserving of attention, but when he adopts the statement that "the Colossus of Rhodes was probably no other than a gigantic figure of Rudra," he makes a great demand upon our credulity; and when he finds the root of this name in German, English, and Norwegian names beginning with *Rod-*, *Rot-*, *Rath-*, *Rut-*, and *Roth-*, he seems to be unaware that there are Teutonic roots which explain these names much more satisfactorily, and, in some instances at least, conclusively. These are flights of fancy which may be pardoned in a Hindu writer who, in his respect for European learning, attaches too much importance to some of its vagaries. The work, upon the whole, does its author very great credit. It appeals only to a limited class of readers, but in that class it will find due appreciation.

#### SOLLY'S LIFE OF WILLIAM MÜLLER.\*

THE Life of William Müller lies in his art; the little that remains of personal interest is soon told. His father, a German exile, settled in Bristol, and became curator of the Philosophical Institution of that city. Young Müller received but a scanty education; he never went to school; to his mother he owed the rudiments of English, with a slight smattering of German and French. But the proverbial precocity of art genius soon made itself felt. We are told that from the age of four he was never happier than when entrusted with pencil and paper, that he attempted "to draw every imaginable thing," that in his

\* *Memoir of the Life of William James Müller, a native of Bristol, Landscape and Figure Painter, with Original Letters, and an Account of his Travels and of his Principal Works.* By N. Neal Solly, Author of the "Life of David Cox." Illustrated with Photographs from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist's own hand. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

ninth year he made illustrations for a scientific work published by his father, and that at fifteen he was apprenticed to the landscape-painter Mr. Pyne, from whom he may have caught somewhat of the Turnerian frenzy. But the indentures of apprenticeship were soon thrown up; in fact, Müller was emphatically a self-educated man; his only master was Nature, and at an early age he took to sketching as the habit of his life. Ardent, restless, and enterprising, he made a succession of foreign tours, knapsack on back, beginning with Antwerp and ending with Lycia, during which he encountered many privations; we have heard it said that when in Egypt he lived on a pittance of a few pence a day. But his career was unfortunately as short as it was adventurous. He returned from the East laden with spoils, and after a brief time, measured by months, his strength failed, and he died literally in harness on the 8th of September, 1845, aged thirty-three years. The world has recently had to mourn the loss of Mr. Frederick Walker and Mr. Pinwell at a like early age.

Mr. Solly is to be commended for the conscientious care and the affectionate tenderness which he brings to his task; but, strange to say, he has contrived to make this "Life" lifeless. He and his hero are evidently wide as the poles asunder; he never clutches his subject with a firm grasp; he has none of the vigorous handling which clenched the artist's works. The value of the volume consists in the accumulation of facts, and yet the narrative fails of being exhaustive. Thus it omits all mention of Müller's engagement of marriage, which, as it is universally known and was every way honourable to the lady and himself, need not have been left out from feelings of delicacy. Müller proved himself, as might be expected, a generous lover; we have recently seen in Bristol many drawings, some slight, others elaborate, which he presented as pledges of affection. At present prices these works, early as well as late, would make a pretty dowry; but the lady cherished them to the last, and on her decease the greater part came back to the painter's family.

Müller being accounted one of the greatest of sketchers, it may be worth while to consider his mode of working and the character of his products. In the first place, a sound groundwork was laid in firm and accurate drawing. As a youth he had been trained in the making of diagrams in illustration of scientific lectures, and the habit thus acquired of pronouncing form by articulate lines, of seizing on salient points, of modelling by light and shade the whole object into a mass, served him well when, as a student of landscape, he came to draw the trunk and limbs of a tree, the shoulders of a mountain, or the swelling contour of a cloud. We have before us a sketch-book, or rather a scrap-book, containing early pencillings, studies in sepia and india-ink, which prove that Müller, in common with the old masters, sought for form in defined outline, and thought out subjects in chiaroscuro ere colour was contemplated; or rather light, shade, and colour went hand in hand, each aiding the other; light illumined colour, while in turn colour infused warmth over shadow. The impressiveness of the whole much depended on a pervading unity, on a key pitched in a low and accommodating tone, and especially on the reciprocal relations between "the each and the all"—in other words, between the details and the masses. Müller's art, although it could be gay, was more often gloomy; the artist did not join in the modern outcry against "the black masters"; shadow was for him the language of grandeur, it expressed space and suggested mystery. The sum of the matter is this, that we have never known an artist who insisted so strongly on form, and yet who knew how and when to surrender it; in his works we never find an object so detached from its belongings that the spectator can walk round it. Nor have we ever known a sketcher who by broken tertiary tints could float so much colour into shadow; and thus, after the manner of Rembrandt and the example of nature, Müller made light and colour present in the dark places where the direct rays of the sun cannot penetrate. This, the elementary grammar of his art, has been happily set forth by his physician and fellow-sketcher, Mr. Harrison, in the following abridged description; the scene is laid on the sylvan banks of the Avon:—

*A Sketch in Leigh Woods; Painters' Valley.*

A rock in the foreground served Müller for a table; with characteristic rapidity he outlined the subject in pencil; he was famous with the pencil. And if his outline was rapid and decisive, his conception was the same; he saw his picture at once; it was the subject before him, but it gained symmetry and power in passing through his mind. No frittering away of time and effect in detail washes; he generally allowed two hours for his sketch, and in those two hours he laid his mind upon paper. The outline made, he put in the sky, "sharp up to the mark," he said, "with a full liquid brush, leaving the edges of the clouds to the white ground." When nearly dry, he finished the clouds, and went over the sky, dragging, touching, and giving tone, softness, and brilliancy. On inquiry being made why he did not paint the things he saw? he said, "Because I have studied them all; a man must be able to draw and paint everything, then he may be allowed to alter and sacrifice for effect; it is not on account of the difficulty that I swamp these lesser details." It was late in the autumn, and the absorbent paper did not dry as fast as we could wish. Müller, who painted with rather a wet brush, got into trouble with his trees, and things were not satisfactory. He worked on patiently for a time, then suddenly exclaiming, "It is a failure," he tossed the drawing on the ground, and prepared to execute what is familiar to most artists—a demon dance upon his sketch. The intent being averted by his companion, Müller exclaimed, "I see my way." The drawing was again placed on the rock, when with sharp touches he brought all round in a brief space of time. Afterwards Müller told his friend, "I exhibited the sketch at the London Graphic; I believe it has made my fortune."

How different is this rapid, dashing, and intelligent sketching from the drivelling dotting known a few years later as pre-Raffaellism! The late J. D. Harding used to tell of an artist in

North Wales who for many months had been seen hard at work on a study of an ivy-clad trunk of a tree. Harding, growing a little curious, one day asked permission to see the work. After a moment's pause, and an encouraging compliment, he ventured to inquire when the study would be finished. The reply was that, should health be preserved and the weather prove propitious, the sketch might be finished in the course of the following year. The sequel is not recorded, but our own observation of like mistaken efforts would lead to the conclusion that the artist and his work were never more heard of. Take the opposite method. Müller armed himself with an imperial sheet of paper—sometimes Harding's, for the sake of its rough and absorbent surface; at other times with paper low in tone, in order that the subject in its depth and breadth might be knocked in more rapidly. He was also provided with a soft B or Double B pencil to map out, with a light yet firm hand, the leading incidents in the landscape. He was furnished, too, with large hog's-hair brushes for broad generalized masses, and with smaller sables for details. He carried likewise a box of dry colours wetted for immediate use, with a small bottle of opaque white for a few final high lights; his maxim was, "Keep to dry colours, shun the bottle-white, and leave your lights to the paper." With such accoutrements he could sit down in Leigh Woods, in Lycia, or at Lynnmouth, and after two, or at most four, hours, succeeded "in laying his mind upon paper." It was the "mind" that gave value to the material.

Bristol was a great school for sketching; the famed "Norwich School" has not more to show in the way of local studies made by local painters. Müller was one of a friendly company of artists and amateurs who with portfolios and pencils wandered up and down among the rocks, the trees, and the streams of the sister valleys of the Avon and the Frome. Nature here disported herself in a freedom, beauty, and variety inspiring alike to poetry and painting. We remember having seen in manuscript a since published sonnet by the Rev. John Eagles, suggested by the wild rocks and the writhing serpentine trees of "the Salvator Rosa Valley" in Leigh woods. It begins thus:—

*A Picture.*

A horrid wood of unknown trees, that throw  
An awful foliage; snakes about whose rind,  
Festooned in hideous idleness, did wind,  
And swing the black-green masses to and fro.

We also recall a conversation in which Mr. Eagles recounted his emotions in the same valley. He was sketching, and the gathering shades of evening gave a bat-like wing to his imagination; his fancy peopled the woods with weird phantoms; his ear was assaulted by their shrieks, till at last, the scene he had conjured up becoming too much for him, he threw down his sketch and fled. At other times, in more cheerful mood, "The Sketcher" of *Blackwood's Magazine* would improvise a song suited to the scene, or suggested by the talk of his companions. Müller, Eagles, and Harrison were accustomed to go out sketching together; Müller, who was a pleasant companion, was watched as a prodigy, and he in turn profited by the intellectual and scholarly converse of his amateur associates. Müller had much to gain, for we cannot agree with Mr. Solly that he was gifted with a great creative imagination; his power lay in another direction. On the other hand, his assimilative capacity was almost unexampled. His art reflected in succession Ruysdael and Claude, Tintoret and Turner; it was ever in transition; his mind became recipient of the imaginative ideas of the gifted men who had learnt to interpret nature through the poetic sense. Müller, judging from the letters here collected—some of which are too trivial and ephemeral for lasting record—had but one medium for the expression of his thoughts; his vocabulary and language lay within the confines of his paint-box.

What we have said leads us on to yet another characteristic of the Bristol school of sketching. We have all heard of war waged for an idea, and no less may it be said that a sketch may be undertaken to enforce some preconceived thought, some paramount idea. Mr. Eagles was a prophet of this faith; he believed himself the true exponent of the views of the old masters, more especially of Gaspar Poussin, and Müller is known to have always given an attentive ear to the teachings of his friend. Recalling our own experiences, we should say that Mr. Eagles was specially distinguished by the faculty of seeing and evoking the latent picture in nature. We have been with him in the valley of the Frome and in Cleve Combe, when, with hushed voice, as if fearing to disturb fairies in their haunts, he would whisper, "I see there a picture; do you not mark how the branches accordantly compose, and how the foreground rocks bring the subject together?" Then, with hand raised, he squared out the picture, and enclosed it within an imaginary frame. He added, "Were Titian or Poussin here, this composition would not escape their pencils." This mental habit Müller shared with Eagles. His studies from nature are seldom scraps, fragments, or episodes; on the contrary, they are symmetric, they gather strength at the centre, shade away at the circumference, and die out indefinitely at the corners. From first to last the problem was to discover what and where was "the picture," and to this paramount end all distracting details were surrendered. Sketching thus practised becomes, as we have said, primarily a mental process; the hand follows the dictates of the intellect.

It might be interesting to inquire how it came to pass that Bristol in the past generation was conspicuous for naturalistic study in art no less than in science and literature. It may be worthy of remembrance that Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge sketched



out their early thoughts in Somerset, and the sonnets of Mr. Eagles breathe the spirit of Wordsworth. Yet, on the other hand, his pictures are conceived in the tumultuous temper of Poussin and Salvator Rosa. On the whole, we incline to think that Müller was too cosmopolitan to be circumscribed by locality; yet, in common with the poets and the painters identified with Bristol, he doubtless owed much to the inspiring beauty of its scenery. And we learn that after his Lycian experiences he returned to his old sketching grounds without any loss of early zest. In fine, what we have said of Müller as a sketcher may be summed up in his own trenchant words:—

The sketch is the important thing. First, we study closely nature's forms and details to learn her grammar; then we may seek her for transient effects, her lights and shadows, her suggestive quality, in short, for the poetry of the hour; but we must use our heads as well as our hands, and set to work with all our hearts.

The fame of Müller is posthumous. He painted "potboilers" at 5*l.*, "and these five-pounders were lately sold for two or three hundred guineas a-piece." The Academy to the very last "skied" his pictures, which in truth were inferior to his sketches. "Who killed Müller?" is a question as often asked as "Who killed poor Keats?" The truth is that neither the one nor the other fell a victim to Academy or to criticism. Müller was already stricken with death, and the blow at the hands of "the hangers" can scarcely be said to have even accelerated the end. Müller, after his London campaign, returned to his old haunts in Bristol, shaken and prostrated. Yet the passion of youth asserted itself strong in death. Two attacks of hæmorrhage brought on an alarming loss of strength, but still he painted. A few days before he died a friend sent him some flowers. Placing them in his sketching water-bottle, he said, "Let us arrange a chord of colour"; then, making a rapid outline, he "began to paint much as he did out of doors." This small water-colour drawing was his last. "The next day or two he painted in oil, on a small millboard, the well-known flower picture; still one day more, an unfinished fruit piece. While his palette was being set for him, he fell back and died."

#### OUR ENGLISH CHURCH.\*

IT is seldom our lot to criticize a book whose author is ingenuous enough to expose in the very first page his or her ignorance of the subject written about. This the author of *Our English Church* has succeeded in doing. We know what to expect when we read on the title-page that a book professing to be the history of "Our English Church" contains "stories from British history"; and on turning over the pages which follow our expectations are not disappointed. In the first chapter we are led to look for "Something about our Forefathers," and find only the stereotyped nonsense about Druids and oaks, mistletoe and golden knives, white-skinned bulls and white-robed priests, and all the other ornaments and ceremonies of their religious rites. Yet Miss Jones—we take it for granted that the author is a lady, not from the style only, but because we notice that the secret of the author's sex is discreetly veiled in initials, nor is the surname followed by M.A. or B.A. or C.B., or any such masculine distinction to set the question beyond a doubt—assures us that "in these enlightened days all of us, even little children, know a great deal of the history of our own country." If indeed such a heaven of knowledge be at work among children, so much the worse for this little book, as an army of infant critics will start up to cry out against the blunders with which its pages are teeming. Children in "these enlightened days," when scholars have taken up their cause and insisted that their minds ought to be fed with bread instead of stones, have indeed many advantages—provided, that is, that those who have the feeding of them can distinguish between the bread and the stones. But unfortunately nowadays no sooner does a book by some well-known writer appear than there springs up an after-math of feeble imitations in which the thoughts and discoveries of the scholar are jumbled together into unintelligible nonsense for the benefit chiefly of children and young persons. The writers of such little books for the most part modestly disclaim all acquaintance with original authorities, and merely profess to give the views of the most esteemed modern writers. To this class of little books *Our English Church* belongs. Its author, however, is much more pretentious, and would have us believe that she is familiar with all our early historians, more especially with the writings of the Monk of Jarrow, whom she has robbed of his angel-given title, and constantly refers to as S. Bede. The truth is, that the authority consulted by the author for the period before the Norman Conquest is Mr. Freeman, from whose *Old English History* she has taken whole pages without even so small a token of acknowledgment as inverted commas. But unfortunately, though she can transcribe Mr. Freeman's words, she cannot understand their meaning. She still firmly believes that the English Church was founded by "Bran the Blessed," and "King Lucius, who did so much for the Catholic cause," and all the other mythical Welsh saints with which her first half-dozen chapters are crowded. As for the faith of the Teutonic invaders, we read with amazement that, after they had overthrown the Church, "London once more sacrificed to Diana."

The author exposes her ignorance of Bede and o. Latin alike

\* *Our English Church; being Sketches and Stories from British Church History from the Earliest Date to the Present Time.* By C. A. Jones. London: Mozley & Smith. 1875.

when she comes to tell of the conversion of Edwin after this introductory flourish:—"S. Bede tells us the story of the future life of the young Edwin in these words"—we expect a literal translation of Bede, but when we come to read what follows we find that they are not the words of Bede at all, but the words of Mr. Freeman, transcribed on the whole with great fidelity, though here and there the text is tampered with, and a simple word or expression is done into the English of the *Daily Telegraph*. Does she really think that the words into which Mr. Freeman imagines Edwin's wonder shaping itself, "This is not a man, but rather one of the great gods, or one of the kind elves, that hath spoken with me," are a translation of Bede's "ut intelligeret non hominem esse, qui sibi apparuisset, sed spiritum"? To correct such a misapprehension we commend to her notice the note to be found on the very page from which she has copied the story. The whole account of the conversion of Northumberland, Mercia, and Wessex is also taken from the same writer, Miss Jones occasionally breaking the thread of the story with some little piece of information that fits but ill into the historian's style; as, for instance, that "the English Church commemorates the memory of St. Chad on the 2nd day of March." But she is not going to follow blindly the lead of any authority, unless indeed he tells of the deeds of Bran and Lucius, about whom she is ready to believe anything. About matters of a later date she acts on the principle that "heresy is ye differing from me." Therefore, when Mr. Freeman says anything which she does not understand, she at once sets him right by altering his words to suit her own preconceived notions. Thus Mr. Freeman's account of the might of Edwin—"and all the lords both of the English and also of the Welsh were his servants"—is changed into "all the lords of the British and of the Welsh." As Miss Jones has never heard of any Dorchester out of Dorset, in place of the statement that the Kings of the West-Saxons "founded a Bishopric at Dorchester in Oxfordshire," we have "They founded bishoprics at Dorchester and in Oxfordshire."

Though the author has also learned from Mr. Freeman that "even the very name of Britain was lost, and from the Angli or Angles, the principal tribe of the invaders, the name of Angleland or England took its rise," she fails to see that the name was not applied to the country till the English came to it. She gravely relates that Constantius, the father of Constantine, "married a beautiful English lady called Helena." Nor does she see that the same theory applies to the northern part of Britain, since she tells us that "Hibernia or Ireland contained the primitive Scots, Caledonia or Scotland the Picts." It does not occur to her that no country could be Scotland till it contained Scots. But she is wonderfully dull about names. While she tells her readers that the principal house of the Carthusians in England "was on the site of the Charterhouse School, Goswell Street, London," not a hint is given that this Charterhouse is merely a corruption of Chartreux, and was the popular form of the word, not in London only, but at Perth, and indeed wherever there was a Carthusian monastery. In the same matter-of-fact way she writes that the Templars "first had a house in Holborn and afterwards removed to that place which is now called the Temple." So, again, that Coifi's renunciation of the gods of his fathers took place "at a place called Eofornic, now the city of York."

Strange as are the notions of Miss Jones as to nomenclature, her notions about architecture are still stranger. King Lucius must have held the enchanter's wand befitting so mythical a personage if he did indeed, as she assures us, change "the old heathen temples dedicated to Diana and Apollo in London, the first into a Christian church, which is now S. Paul's Cathedral, the second into the Abbey of S. Peter's, Westminster." There is no hint given that it is not this same St. Paul's that she is speaking of, when, a little later on, she says that "Sebbi, King of the East Saxons," "died in perfect peace, and was buried in S. Paul's Cathedral, where for a thousand years, until the time of the great fire in the reign of Charles II., when the great church was burnt down, the huge stone coffin was to be seen." If the first St. Paul's is here meant, as the words certainly imply, Miss Jones has unfortunately lit upon the wrong fire, and is half-a-dozen centuries too late in her date. The church of Ethelbert's foundation was burned to the ground in 1087. Such faith in the durability of an imaginary St. Paul's was scarcely to be looked for in a writer who says of Glastonbury that "now scarce a trace is left of that holy pile." Our author has clearly no idea of a church being built of anything but stone even in the earliest times. Even the fact of St. Ninian's Church being known as the "White House," and Bede's explanation that he built "ecclesiam de lapide, in solito Brittonibus more," fail to convince her that a stone church was a strange sight to English eyes. We are therefore not surprised to find that very soon after the coming of Columba a "beautiful monastery rose on the little island of Iona, and light shone amid the darkness in which these wild, fierce people had lived for so long." If the author really believes that Columba before leaving Ireland "had built a noble monastery," of course it will not strike her as odd that he should build another on Iona. And, believing this, perhaps she may not care to be told that the monasteries of the Columban monks were groups of rude log-huts gathered round a small church of wood and wattle. The "wild, fierce people," too, represented as having lived for long in heathen darkness, had only just come over from the "land of the Saints," and were of the same race and faith as the Saint himself. So large a part of England owed its Christianity to the monks of Iona, that any one who

takes in hand to write the history of "Our English Church" ought to know a little more about them than Miss Jones does.

But it is in dealing with the Reformation in Scotland that she strays furthest from the mark. She fails to see that this great movement was in Scotland more distinctly than in any other country a struggle for political liberty. We cannot expect a writer so prejudiced in favour of episcopacy to do justice to the patriotism or the genius of Knox, or to understand the distinction drawn by the national mind between "the Lord's Bishop," a faithful overseer of the faithful, and "My Lord Bishop," a prelate who took on himself the state of a secular prince. It may seem to Miss Jones that "Knox and his party were very turbulent and irregular in their proceedings," but she is much in the dark if she thinks that the Church government which they "first adopted" was intended to be "temporary." It was not the fault of those who framed the Reformation Statutes of 1560 that they were afterwards disregarded. When we read that "afterwards"—that is, after 1572, the year of Knox's death—"they publicly professed Calvinistic opinions," we can only suppose that the writer has no clear idea of what Calvinism means, especially as she tells us in another passage that "William of Orange was a Lutheran." In the reign of Charles I., in spite of James's newly-made bishops, the Church in Scotland was still in a very shocking state, "the surplice was not worn, the prayers were extempore, and there was really no outward sign of a Catholic Church." Does Miss Jones really not know that Knox had compiled a Liturgy which was still in use, and from which prayers were read in St. Giles's on the very morning of the day that saw the Liturgy riots? But it would take us too long to point out all the blunders into which the writer falls in dealing with the Covenant and the persecution of the days of James and Charles. It seems a pity that she should not reveal to her readers what the "atrocities" which she ascribes to the Cameronians were, instead of letting them remain still "unheard of." It may perhaps lessen her regret that "all the cathedrals and parish churches are in the hands of the Presbyterians," to know that there is but one cathedral left entire in Scotland proper to be thus desecrated; but we hope we shall not lessen her veneration for the martyred Sharp by pointing out that he went up to London a Presbyterian minister, and came back an Archbishop. It was this sudden accession in dignity that changed him into the foe of that Covenant whose cause he had gone up to Court to plead.

Before parting from *Our English Church*, we must be pardoned for hinting to its author that, however much pious persons may differ about rites and vestments and responses, there are certain principles of morality on which they are all agreed, and that, though no doubt it is a proud and happy thing to belong to a Church which has had Welsh bishops and has managed even to survive the tyranny of Protestant William, which can prove its apostolic succession and boasts of "surplices" and "other signs of a Catholic Church," it is a part of that Church's teaching to all her children to "keep their hands from picking and stealing"; and that this precept applies no less to the writings than to the purses of one's neighbours.

#### WALTER'S WORD.\*

THIS is decidedly a clever novel, and, what is more to the purpose, a very readable one. For there is at present a school of tolerably capable authors who seem to think that the chief purpose of the novel-writer should be the display of his talents to the best advantage, irrespectively altogether of his readers' entertainment. The theory is a self-flattering one, from several points of view. For, among other things, to turn it to profit presupposes a certain amount of ability, and before a man can make a magazine success as a diluted or demoralized George Eliot, he must have given proof of gifts that might have made him a public benefactor had he been content to direct his aims somewhat lower. Mr. Payn, at all events, scrupulously avoids snares of this kind. He takes much more trouble with his plots than with his characters, and, sticking to a style which for the moment is somewhat out of fashion, seeks to work your interest up towards a climax through a series of melodramatic incidents and adventures. This may not be the highest order of art, but it has its merits, as we are the more willing to admit after having read his *Walter's Word*. For the whole plot has been carefully thought out and artistically constructed. It is not only that the author keeps the secret of the *dénouement* throughout, so that to the last we have a couple of alternative and equally probable solutions constantly presented to us, and are puzzled to know whether the heroine and hero are to be happy, or whether their sun is to go down in darkness, à la *Hamlet* or the *Bride of Lammermoor*; but each separate portion of the plot fits into the rest, each successive situation arises naturally out of the others, and the further we read the more are we satisfied that the author has kept his work in hand and never lost sight of his original design. We have said that *Walter's Word* is rather melodramatic than otherwise. The villain is excessively and almost incredibly villainous, and his nature becomes the more hideously blackened that we had rather liked him at the first, although we guessed him to be thoughtless, and possibly selfish. The virtuous hero gives proof of an almost superhuman capacity for self-sacrifice, under a succession of most searching trials. Then there is a young Italian girl whose up-

bringing and reputation would scarcely have prepared us for the part she ultimately plays. But, to say the most of it, the attributes of all these people are only somewhat dramatically exaggerated. Their natures are forced into excess of good or evil under very abnormal circumstances, and, whether they rise to the sublime or sink to the infamous, we can scarcely say they are false to themselves. Then Mr. Payn does not commit the error of overcrowding his stage, and his scenes are certainly sufficiently varied. Now we are in studios among easygoing artists, sympathizing in their hopes and fears, and enlivened by their light-hearted talk and ways. Again we are assisting at a clever game of cross-purposes in a family circle, and at the birth of a deep mutual attachment which meets with so much opposition on all hands that out of a novel we should pronounce it hopeless. But as one of the two young ladies marries at the outset, and the admirer of the other is kept for long at arm's length, we are by no means overdone with billing and cooing. And the action becomes too exciting for the desponding lover to have time to bore either himself or us with raptures, rhapsodies, and laments. For in the middle of the story its personages are transported from England to Sicily, where they fall among the brigands, and are immersed over head and ears in a complication of the most thrilling adventures.

Mr. Payn throws off with an elopement which is somewhat originally conceived. It has the further merit of giving us a clue to the character of its contriver, without absolutely compromising him. A couple of friends are seated in a smoking carriage at Paddington, as the down express is just on the point of starting. One is a Crimean hero who has been through the Balacclava charge, and come back with honour and glory and an arm temporarily crippled. By the by, Mr. Payn is somewhat out in his history when he represents a heavy dragoon as galloping on the Russian guns on that eventful day. The "heavies" only charged the enemy's cavalry, and did not count in the "six hundred." The other gentleman is Walter Lytton, a promising young painter. Captain Selwyn's ladylove, who is fondly attached to the interesting hero in spite of the opposition of a wealthy and unrelenting parent, comes up at the last moment to bid the object of her affection good-by. A sudden thought seems to strike him. Why should she not step into the smoking carriage and take a run with them as far as Reading? At Reading she will find a train to bring her back. It strikes Lytton, who is sage beyond his years and professional habits, that Selwyn is taking an unfair advantage of Lotty Brown's love and inexperience. He is still more vexed when they discover that they were mistaken altogether about the up-train, and that the young lady cannot possibly return home in time to escape detection. He is the more annoyed because he would have fallen hopelessly in love with her himself at first sight had she not been already plighted to his friend. He would save her if he could from the consequences of her impulsive imprudence, but it is a delicate business for a third party to interfere in. As for Selwyn, he insists that there is nothing for it now but immediate marriage; that the old gentleman will be sure to bless his children and bid them be happy when the mischief is done and there is no mending it. Lotty, who is weak notwithstanding the dignity of her bearing, easily yields to her lover's eloquence, and the long and the short of it is that the marriage comes off. In all the arrangements for it Lytton gives proof of that beautiful self-abnegation which he is soon to have so many opportunities of practising. By the prominent part he has been compelled to play in the surreptitious business he gives those who become his ill-wishers an awkward hold on him when he has transferred his affections to Lotty's twin sister, and established friendly relations with her father. Lilian from the first recognizes the nobility of his character. Old Brown, on the other hand, not unnaturally forms the most unfavourable opinion of him when he finds that he has been a frequent visitor to the house without having said a word of his share in the marriage of the elder sister. For Lytton has indirectly been the instrument of a reconciliation between the father and the runaway couple, and we need hardly say that it was to serve their interests that he has held his natural honesty in abeyance. Selwyn, however, by this time has shown the cloven foot; and it is plainly visible to every one, except his father-in-law, whom he makes it his business to flatter. He would be sorry to see his wife's sister marry at all, as the marriage might prove pecuniarily injurious to him, and, above all, he is unwilling that she should marry Lytton. So much he tells his former friend with his usual frankness; and by his subsequent manoeuvres he makes him the scapegoat of his own offence, and has him expelled ignominiously from the mansion of Mr. Brown. So ends what we may call the first part of the book. And so far there is nothing overstrained, except that it is difficult to believe that Selwyn, who as a boy had been the idol of his schoolfellows, and who had afterwards borne a high reputation as a good fellow and a gallant soldier, should have showed himself so consummate a scoundrel on the shortest notice, and should have avowed his rascality with such unblushing candour.

In the second part we find our friends in Sicily. Milrod Brown has been persuaded to take his daughters and son-in-law on a yachting expedition, very much with the idea of separating Lilian from Walter. But love laughs at distance as well as locksmiths. Mr. Lytton is not only in love but uneasy, for he begins to believe Selwyn capable of any atrocity. So, as Mr. Brown has provided him with the sinews of war in the shape of a handsome price for some pictures, he takes a trip to Sicily to study his art, and when the English yacht arrives he is established in lodgings at Palermo. Circumstances give him such opportunities of heroic enterprise

\* *Walter's Word*. By James Payn, Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.



as he never contemplated, and as seldom fall to the lot of modern heroes. The brigands were then extraordinarily venturesome, under the leadership of their famous Captain Coralli. Rumour has magnified the wealth of Milord Brown, and Captain Coralli and his followers are strangely excited over his arrival. They venture into the town and on to the Marina to scent the rich prey, like so many wolves disguised in sheepskin; they set spies to dog him, and they inform themselves of all his projected movements. After all, however, it would seem the prize is slipping through their fingers. The yacht at least has got under weigh and is coasting in the direction of Messina. That she was almost becalmed when close in shore was a most unlucky accident for her occupants, for they seem to have kept no sort of watch, and the brigands pulled off and boarded them. Coralli, as we cannot help thinking, must indeed have been a far-sighted and indefatigable leader of men to have prepared his strategy against so unlikely a contingency. His forethought promises to be richly rewarded however. He carries off Mr. Brown and Miss Lilian—Selwyn and his wife had stayed behind in Palermo—and he picks up Walter Lytton besides, who had discovered the catastrophe and was hurrying off to Palermo to give the alarm. Having taken so much trouble to make Mr. Brown their prisoner, it may be supposed that the brigands valued his liberty at a high price. 50,000*l.* was the figure they ultimately set on him, having reduced their original estimate by one-half. How things passed subsequently in the mountains may be surmised. The troops are set in motion by the authorities, mainly at the instigation of the fiend-like Selwyn, who, it may be presumed, desired nothing more than that his father-in-law and sister-in-law should be out of the way. In that case his wife would inherit everything. Lilian is sent into Palermo with an order for the money, which he suppresses as soon as she is laid in unconsciousness on a bed of sickness. When Walter follows as a second emissary to see that all is right, and to urge despatch as a matter of life and death, Selwyn does his best to delay things beyond the day when Brown is to be tortured to death failing the arrival of the ransom. How it all ended we shall not tell; or what befell Mr. Lytton when he redeemed his word by returning, like Regulus, to submit himself to the tender mercies of his enemies. Lilian is in the town near the point of death. Mr. Brown has certainly renounced all hope, with very good reason, for with his City training, and after the sufferings and starvation he has undergone, escape appears an absolute impossibility; while the brigands have taken an oath to murder him rather than give him up. Nothing much short of a miracle can bring about a happy *dénouement*, and if our readers care to know whether a miracle was wrought, they had better go for themselves to the story. We can assure them that in any case they might do much worse, whether the winding up be to their minds or not.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN the preface to his great Dictionary, written eleven years ago, M. Littré said that the arduous task of correcting the first and last proofs of each sheet had been undertaken by M. Beaujean, Professor in the University of France, and he wished that the fact of having successfully accomplished so tiresome a duty might prove for his indefatigable coadjutor a title to something more profitable. At any rate it has shown that no one could be better qualified than M. Beaujean for the important office of abridging the gigantic Dictionary\*, reducing it to its strictly indispensable elements, and bringing it within the reach of the smallest libraries and the most limited incomes. It is evident that the circle within which a lexicon in four large quarto volumes is likely to thrive must be a narrow one, and that a carefully and accurately prepared abridgment will appeal to the majority of the public. The plan adopted by M. Beaujean is a very simple one, and may be briefly stated as follows. As regards "Nomenclature," all the words given in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* are preserved, with the addition of more than eight thousand five hundred neologisms or scientific expressions sanctioned by the best modern writers. The "Pronunciation" is always explained in the case of difficult words. The "Etymology" is stated whenever it can be determined without a doubt; but problems open to discussion would scarcely be suited to a dictionary for general use. As to "Grammar," questions connected with grammatical rules are left untouched, except in a few cases where the compiler has thought it necessary to protest against certain arbitrary distinctions or useless subtleties. With respect to "Definitions, and Classification of Various Meanings," students will find them minutely and fully given; examples are furnished whenever required, but it would have been absurd and impossible to imitate here the copiousness of the great Dictionary. M. Beaujean's abridgment is neatly printed in two columns, and is complete without being unwieldy.

The work we have just been noticing is destined chiefly for Frenchmen, who will thus, it may be hoped, become familiar with the delicate *nuances* of their own language. M. Gasc's two volumes† appeal to Englishmen, and deserve to be extensively used. For several years past, both as a teacher and as a writer of school books, the author of this new Dictionary has obtained much reputation, and this latest product of his industry is in

every respect worthy of those which have preceded it. The French-English part is introduced by a few easy rules on the formation of compound substantives, and on the changes of the termination as compared with that of the corresponding English words.

Count Grimouard de Saint-Laurent has just published the sixth volume of his *Guide de l'art chrétien*\*; it contains four tables, which will prove of great use to all who attempt to study a work where the abundance of details is overwhelming. The first of these tables gives the names of the saints and holy personages referred to by the author; in the second we find the artists whose productions are quoted and described; the literary characters and writings of every kind mentioned or commented upon come next; and, finally, a general index of subjects is appended. The volume ends with a summary description of the engravings and photographs inserted in the work, and with a large number of excellent notes on various topics connected with Christian art.

Besides the invaluable services it has directly rendered to the study of history by the issuing of correct texts and important works which had remained in manuscript for want of an enterprising editor, the Société de l'Histoire de France has also been instrumental in encouraging and suggesting in various quarters publications of the same kind and of equal interest. We may name, as a specimen, the *registres-journaux* of Pierre de l'Etoile†, well known to students of the history of the sixteenth century, and which have been at different times incompletely and carelessly printed. Occupying as he did a prominent post in the French Chancery, and therefore thoroughly well qualified to observe what was going on at Court, Pierre de l'Etoile is one of the best authorities for the history of his country during the later Valois, and accordingly his journals excited the attention of anecdote-mongers even as far back as the year 1621. Unfortunately the details which he gives were speedily overlaid with facts and incidents taken from other sources, so that it became difficult in course of time to distinguish between the original text and the additions of commentators. The scholars to whom we are indebted for the present edition, without eliminating these supplementary sources of information, have judiciously printed them by themselves, so that they can be easily distinguished from the main body of the work. The entire publication will comprise the journals of the reign of Henry III. (first edition, 1621); those of the reign of Henry IV. (first edition, 1719); the curious supplement given by M. Halphen in 1862, and a number of hitherto unpublished documents. Our readers may form some idea of the value of the work when we say that it is to extend to twelve, or possibly fifteen, octavo volumes. The details given by L'Etoile are not unfrequently of a very startling character, but we must remember that he discourses about the Louvre at the time of Catherine de' Medici, that is to say, about a hotbed of corruption and of treachery.

The new volume of M. Ravaissou's *Archives de la Bastille*‡ completes the account of the *chambre des poisons* and of the extraordinary trial in which so many persons of the highest rank were implicated. The most scandalous example perhaps of the perversion of justice during the reign of Louis XIV. was the manner in which this affair was hushed up when the King discovered that amongst the culprits were to be found some persons who had till then enjoyed his confidence and his friendship. The court assembled for the purpose of investigating the cases of poisoning and of supposed witchcraft had for a time suspended its sittings, when an old associate of Sainte-Croix and of Mme. de Brinvilliers happened to be arrested; he was immediately made the scapegoat, condemned to death, and executed on the Place de Grève with great display. Then the King decided that there was no further occasion for carrying on the trial, and an edict was published with the view of preventing the repetition of crimes such as those of which Mme. de Brinvilliers and her accomplices had been guilty. Besides a number of documents referring to this business, M. Ravaissou has published several letters which illustrate in a curious manner the social condition of France, the state of the press, the right of petitioning, &c. The case of the Chevalier de Rohan, who was found guilty of plotting against his country, and had actually promised to sell Quillebœuf to the Dutch, is likewise amply discussed in this volume.

The excellent notice prefixed to the Abbé David's journals§ does not exaggerate the importance and interest of this work. It was in 1862 that the enthusiastic missionary was sent for the first time to China by the Superior of the French Lazarists. Passionately fond of scientific research, and especially of natural history, he visited Mongolia and Eastern Tartary, after having endeavoured to found a French college at Peking, and, whilst perfecting himself in the knowledge of the Chinese language, he collected a large number of geological, botanical, and zoological specimens, which he forwarded to the Paris Jardin des Plantes. The success thus obtained by him determined the authorities of the Museum to secure his undivided services for a consider-

\* *Guide de l'art chrétien, études d'esthétique et d'iconographie*. Par le comte de Grimouard de Saint-Laurent. Vol. 6. Paris: Didron.

† *Registres-journaux de Pierre de l'Etoile*. Edition pour la première fois complète, &c. Par MM. Brunet, Champollion, &c. Vol. 1. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

‡ *Archives de la Bastille*. Documents inédits, recueillis et publiés par François Ravaissou. Vol. 7. Paris: Durand.

§ *Journal de mon troisième voyage d'exploration dans l'empire chinois*. Par l'abbé Armand David. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Dictionnaire de la langue française, abrégé du dictionnaire de E. Littré*. Par A. Beaujean. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Dictionary of the French and English Languages*. By F. E. A. Gasc. London: Bell & Daldy.

able length of time, and they obtained the necessary permission from his ecclesiastical superiors. The result was that in the course of two other journeys the Abbé David explored the whole of the Chinese Empire, and enriched the natural history collections of Paris with treasures of every kind. The narrative of his first two journeys has been printed in the *Nouvelles archives du musée*. The present work contains an account of the third, illustrated by three good maps. The special subject of the author's researches naturally occupies the chief place in his journals; but the two volumes now before us contain in addition interesting details on ethnography and geography, besides many anecdotes characteristic of Chinese habits and civilization.

The Marquis de Compiègne\* appears to have visited equatorial Africa with like satisfactory results. The dangers he had to face, though of a different nature from those which so often threatened to stop the Abbé David, proved equally serious, and nothing but an enthusiastic love of science, combined with the spirit of enterprise, could have carried him and his companion, M. Al. Marche, during an expedition which lasted two years, through all the perils of the worst climate in the world, amongst tribes of cannibals, where they had to contend not only against the ferocity of the natives, but against the ill-will and treachery of their own escort. M. de Compiègne's intrepidity has been rewarded by important discoveries in natural history, and he managed to penetrate beyond the falls of the Samba into the district of the Iweias, where no white man had ever gone before. His volume, which is simply written, and avowedly shuns all sensational descriptions, will be found extremely interesting. It is completed by a map and several woodcuts.

The old writer Adenès le roi† is one of the most celebrated of the French *trouvères*; he composed the romances entitled *Cleomades* and *Les enfances Ogier*, besides those of which we have now to speak, and he flourished during the thirteenth century, when mediæval literature had reached its highest state of perfection. The Académie Royale de Belgique undertook some time ago to give a new and improved edition of the works of Adenès, who was a Fleming by birth, and the two volumes for which M. Scheler is responsible complete the undertaking. *Berte aus grans piés* had already been published more than forty years ago in the collection of the *Romans des douze Peirs*; it is generally regarded as one of the most popular in the series, and M. Paris deserved well of antiquaries in rescuing it from oblivion. M. Scheler's reprint, founded upon a MS. kept at the Arsenal Library, is not, strictly speaking, a critical one, for the editor has not attempted to collate the other five MSS. of the poem; but he gives a few various readings, and his notes are very valuable for the history of mediæval French. As the text of *Bueces de Commarçhis* exists only in one codex, his task here was far easier; he has enriched the volume with a summary of the poem, notes, a vocabulary, &c. We are glad to see that the masterpieces of the *trouvères* are now gradually finding their way before the public; and it will be one of the happiest results of the impulse given by MM. Gaston Paris (*Histoire poétique de Charlemagne*) and Léon Gautier (*Les épopées françaises*), that the imaginative literature of the feudal times is at last known and appreciated.

Messrs. Didot published some years ago a most interesting series of memoirs on the eighteenth century, and they now begin a fresh one‡ with two volumes on the principal *coups d'état* which marked the French Revolution. The name of the editor, M. de Lescure, is a guarantee that the work will be conscientiously done, and from the instalment just issued we can form some idea of the whole. Between 1789 and 1799 the annals of the Revolution abound in exciting episodes; the 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 9th Thermidor, the 18th Fructidor, and the 18th Brumaire—such are the divisions of M. de Lescure's volumes; why the taking of the Bastille and the September massacres should have been excluded we are at a loss to imagine. No unpublished documents are given, it is true; but the pieces inserted are all very scarce; for instance, Rœderer's *Chronique de cinquante jours*, which opens the first volume. The memoirs of Fiévée, Vilate, Barras, and Méda, Ramel's journal and that of Barbé-Marbois, Arnault's *Souvenirs d'un sexagénaire*, may be quoted amongst the sources which have supplied M. de Lescure with material; it was of course impossible to print them all, but we think that the selections made are, generally speaking, judicious and characteristic.

M. Valfrey is a laborious author who has devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of his diplomatic negotiations resulting from the late war.§ Five volumes of his work have already appeared, and the most recent one includes the interval between October 12, 1871, and September 5, 1873; that is to say, it describes the end of the task so successfully performed by M. Thiers, and likewise the end of his Government. In detailing the negotiations which France carried on with Germany for the payment of the indemnity and the evacuation of the territory, M. Valfrey has given us documents which are familiar to most readers, as they were reproduced by all the newspapers at the time when the negotiations were carried on; but his work

does more, as it reveals the opinions of the various European Cabinets on the events which were then taking place. The downfall of M. Thiers occupies a prominent part in the volume before us; it was quite misunderstood abroad, and foreign Powers were at a loss to discover why, after the success of the loan of 1872, the Conservative party, instead of rallying round the Chief of the State, and giving him their cordial adhesion, selected that very time to attack him. The Parliamentary revolution of May 24, 1873, took all Europe, Russia especially, by surprise; and Italy, in conjunction with Germany, turned it to the best advantage. M. Valfrey seems to us somewhat unfair in his estimate of M. Thiers; but on the whole his work is valuable, and we can strongly recommend it to politicians and students of contemporary history.

St. François de Sales is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable French writers of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and his *Introduction à la vie dévote* has been universally admired, even by those who care very little for his religious views. After what M. Sainte-Beuve and M. Sayous have said about the Bishop of Geneva, we need not add a single word of praise, but will merely remark that few works with which we are acquainted offer more scope for a judicious anthology\* or collection of choice extracts than the *Introduction à la vie dévote*. M. Deloinceourt has undertaken the pleasant duty of producing such a volume, and it will receive a hearty welcome from all persons who are capable of enjoying the graces of a highly gifted imagination combined with true piety. We only regret that M. Deloinceourt should not have taken a few additional gems from the other works of St. François.

M. de Frayssinous played an important part in the history of the Restoration; he was Minister of Public Instruction during the reign of Charles X.†, and obtained considerable reputation as a writer and pulpit orator. The lectures, or *conférences*, which he delivered at the church of St. Sulpice in Paris, on the subject of the Revolution, attracted much notice, and he speedily rose to the highest ecclesiastical distinction. M. de Frayssinous managed to win universal esteem and respect at a time when party spirit ran high and the clergy were systematically attacked by the combined efforts of the Liberals and the Bonapartists; he threw the weight of his influence on the Gallican side, and thus incurred the displeasure of the champions of Ultramontanism. The collection of his works is not a very voluminous one, and it certainly ought to be studied as a valuable item in the literary movement of the Restoration period. The *Conférences choisies* just published by M. Laurent will give a sufficient idea of the Bishop of Hermopolis to those who have not time to read his complete discourses, and the excellent monograph which opens the volume is a great deal more than what the author modestly calls a *notice biographique*.

The work of M. Léopold Niepce‡ is an important contribution to the history of the second city in France. Besides the libraries, both public and private, which Lyons can boast of, there existed formerly several collections of archives or records, preserved with the greatest care by religious corporations, charities, the consular body, the courts of law, &c. All these documents, so valuable for local history, were mutilated during the Revolution, and the papers now remaining may give us a faint idea of what must have been the importance of the whole. M. Niepce has attempted to relate the history of these records, and in so doing he really gives us a very interesting account of the organization and development of the municipal power at Lyons. The duty of cataloguing, sorting, and classifying heaps of papers, title-deeds, and muniments of every kind, accumulated during a long course of centuries, is arduous enough, even when the mistaken zeal of revolutionists has consigned one-third of them to the flames; and it seems that it requires no little energy and perseverance to obtain for what has been preserved a suitable shelter against the dangers of damp and fire. M. Niepce, however, has boldly grappled with the task, and we hope that the publication of his excellent volume will induce the authorities at Lyons to provide a suitable receptacle for the treasures which he has so fully described.

Amongst the scientific works which have reached us lately, we notice two fresh instalments of the *Dictionnaire de Chimie*, published by M. Wurtz and his distinguished coadjutors.§ On account of their practical character, the articles on Blood, on Sodium and Silicium, will naturally be most read, and they give an excellent idea of the care with which the whole work is compiled.

M. Guillemin's little volume on Sound|| is a valuable contribution to the popular scientific cyclopædia published by him. It explains acoustical phenomena in a simple and intelligible form, and is illustrated by seventy woodcuts.

The four military campaigns of 1874, described in M. Planchut's work¶, after having enriched the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are still in the memory of readers who interest themselves in extra-European politics. The Ashantee war is the only one of the four which takes us out of Asia; but it is undoubtedly one of the most important of them, from the effects it may have

\* *Afrique équatoriale*. Par le marquis de Compiègne. Paris: Plon.

† *Berte aus grans piés: Bueces de Commarçhis, par Adenès le roi*. Editions publiées par M. A. Scheler. Bruxelles: Closson et Cie.

‡ *Mémoires sur les journées révolutionnaires et les coups d'état de 1789 à 1799*. Édité par M. de Lescure. Paris: Didot.

§ *Histoire du traité de Francfort et de la libération du territoire français*. Par J. Valfrey. Vol. 5. Paris: Amyot.

• *Pensées choisies de St. François de Sales*. Par J. Deloinceourt. Paris: Bray.

† *Frayssinous, conférences choisies, précédées d'une notice biographique*. Par A. Laurent. Tour: Mame.

‡ *Les archives de Lyon*. Par M. L. Niepce. Lyons: Georg.

§ *Dictionnaire de Chimie pure et appliquée*. Par Ad. Wurtz. Liv. 19 and 20. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Le son: notions d'acoustique, physique et musicale*. Par A. Guillemin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Les quatre campagnes militaires de 1874*. Par E. Planchut. Paris: Lévy.



on the slave-trade. Our author gives evidence of a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and his remarks on the traffic of the coolies at Macao are particularly striking.

Prince Lubomirski's tales of Russian life\* scarcely need to be recommended. Every one has read the volume entitled *Fonctionnaires et Bayards*, and equal popularity is probably in store for the work in which the romantic adventures of the hero of Tchessmé, Alexis Orloff, are made the groundwork of a novel.

George Sand can never lose those qualities which make her in some respects the greatest living French writer, but we must say that her recent tales lack originality, and that the heroes and heroines to whom she introduces us are indistinct figures, leaving on our mind none of the impressions which *Mauprat*, *Lelia*, and *Valentine* will conjure up whenever we hear the names mentioned. The story of *Flamarande*, and its sequel *Les deux frères*†, are so unnatural and, let us say, so tedious, that they would hardly call for notice were it not that some of the descriptive parts are full of real beauty.

M. Tallichet will, we trust, publish separately his suggestive remarks on contemporary France, now that the last part has appeared in the *Bibliothèque universelle*‡. The September number of that Review contains, amongst other interesting articles, a review of Sheridan Knowles's *William Tell*, and a curious sketch of Paris society two centuries ago. If we may believe M. Amédée Roget, Racine's comedy of *Les Plaideurs* was an exact picture of the mania for pleading which had seized upon all France under the reign of Louis XIV., when, for want of better occupation, every one rushed headlong into law suits.

\* *Une drame sous Catherine II.* Par le prince Joseph Lubomirski. Paris: Didier.

† *Flamarande. Les deux frères.* Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Septembre, 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

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### NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The following Gentlemen, amongst others, have already consented to act on the Art Committee of the Royal Aquarium Society:—

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Lord de Lisle and Dudley.  
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E. J. Coleman, Esq.  
J. R. Planché, Esq.  
The Earl of Dunraven.  
Lord Newry.  
Joseph Durham, Esq., A.R.A.

The Society will be prepared to RECEIVE PICTURES and other WORKS of ART for EXHIBITION on and after December 1. No Pictures or other objects of Art will be received after December 11.

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited; as also the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Water-Colour; and the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Statue. Five silver medals and five bronze medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art Committee for award for Special Merit.

Prizes to the amount of £3,000 will also be given away for distribution among Fellows and Season Ticket-holders in the Art Union of the Society, and these prizes will be mainly selected from the Society's Gallery.

The acceptance or rejection of pictures and the award of the Society's Medals will be left solely in the hands of the Art Committee.

## THE ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.

### BALLOT OF FELLOWS.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Fellows of the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY should at once send for application forms from the SECRETARY, and return them to the Offices of the Society.

As hereafter Members will only be elected when vacancies occur, original applicants will be balloted for in order of application.

### ELECTION and PRIVILEGES OF FELLOWS.

1. Every Candidate for admission as a Fellow or Member shall be proposed at one election meeting and balloted for at the next.

2. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.

3. All Fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows, or by the Executive for the time being, will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the Reading Rooms and Library, and a Ticket free in the Art Union of the Society.

4. Three special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, Members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

5. By the Rule incorporated in the Articles of Association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

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